The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890.

The Week.

THERE will be little surprise in the public mind at the announcement which is made, in the *Times's* Washington despatches, that President Harrison's removals from and changes in Federal offices during the first year of his term are nearly double those during the first year of President Cleveland's term. The grand total is 35,800, against Cleveland's 20,500. Nothing is more generally accepted as a matter of course now than that the Harrison Administration is thoroughly given over to the spoils view of public office. There is no longer any pretence in the muzzled organs of the Republican party that the civil-service-reform pledges of the candidate and the party's platform are observed by the Administration. The man who wrote in his letter of acceptance, "Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office," is now universally regarded as the most subservient disciple of the spoils doctrine who has occupied the Presidential chair since the Civil-Service Law was enacted.

Mr. Saltonstall has declined the dinner offered to him by his friends in Massachusetts, and in doing so has taken occasion to give a statement of his views upon the value of civil-service reform. He says, among other things:

"It gives me great satisfaction to testify to the admirable results of the merit system in its application to the conduct of the business of the Boston Custom-house. Had there been any doubt in my mind as to its benefit, such doubt would have disappeared at an early stage of my observation of its practical workings. The improvement in the morals of the whole force, from the highest to lowest, was noticeable as soon as it became understood that the political belief of individual officers in no way affected their standing; that their tenure of office was secure during good behavior and faithful performance of duty; that promotion would only follow demonstrated efficiency, and that removals would be made only for the good of the service in case of misconduct, neglect, or manifest incapacity. Relieved of the distracting influence of uncertainty through political considerations, and called upon for no service except that which the business of the Government required, there appeared among the officers and employees generally an increased efficiency and an undivided and undisturbed attention to duty. I found, under the improved conditions following the establishment of the merit system, that the steadily increasing business of the Custom-house was fully met by a corresponding increase of ability in the force handling it, and that with the annual aggregate of business increased by 25 per cent. during the four years of occupancy of the office of Collector, the necessary work could be and was performed by a smaller number of employees and at a considerably less cost to the Government."

And this is the official whom President Harrison, in defiance of his own personal pledges, removed from office before the end of his term in order to turn that office, thus organized and conducted on civil-service-reform principles, over to a Republican spoils politician.

One Republican paper has at last found the courage to mention the *Tribune's* confession that "Hill succeeded [in 1888] only because he was able to sell a Presidency for a Governorship." It is the New Haven *Palladium*, and its explanation of what it calls "the *Tribune's* chance remark" and "off-hand statement" is quite interesting. The main points of it are:

"While there was no deliberately planned exchange of Democratic Gubernatorial votes for Republican Presidential ballots, we presume during that memorable November day in 1888 the machinations of the Democrats brought about many such an exchange of votes. *The dirty work was done wholly by Democrats.* We say this, not merely claiming superior virtue for Republican workers, but because the exchanges were made on Hill territory, and by Hill men, who worked with the inspiration of despair. To elect Hill and secure immunity from attack was the care of the saloon interest. They operated on the ignorant and vicious of the voters. This disreputable Democratic trickery was practised to some extent in New York, notably in the Albany district, directly under the Hill personality. The Harrison workers there were few, while Hill's cohorts were strong and active. The Democrats engineered any exchange of votes that may have been effected, and operated among the lower class of voters. There was but little of it done, Hill's plurality being explained, as we have said, by his personal strength, and Cleveland's weakness by the distrust of farmers and the industries of the Mills bill. These are the facts, and truth fears nothing."

As nearly as we are able to comprehend this able piece of ratiocination, it amounts to a declaration that there was very little trading anyway between the Hill and Harrison forces, and what little there was was all on one side. "The dirty work," says the *Tribune's* defender, "was done wholly by Democrats." Whether that means that Hill sold and nobody bought, or Hill bought and nobody sold, we are not clear, for we are unable to comprehend trading of any kind which has only one side.

The remarkable gains made by the Democrats in the municipal elections held in Iowa and New York on Monday week are symptoms of what is in store for the Republican party in the near future. In both States the Democrats have carried cities which have been Republican strongholds for years, and in most cases the victories have been secured by majorities which indicate changes in party lines which are practically revolutionary. In another quarter, Rhode Island, the Democrats leave no opportunity for doubt as to their position on the questions of the day. In their State Convention last week, their Chairman said that though the Republicans succeeded in 1888 by means of unblushing bribery in getting their candidate into the White House—the *Tribune* says they bought the Presidency of Gov. Hill, which was certainly unblushing bribery—yet there is no man in the country to-day whose words have so large an audience and are so carefully read as those of Grover Cleveland; that the Democrats of Rhode Island were proud even in defeat to have Cleveland for a leader; and that the principles he enunciated were the principles of the Democratic party, particularly those on tariff reform and ballot reform. The Convention applauded the Chairman's views, and adopted a platform which embodied and emphasized them. Such is the attitude of the Democratic party in a State which, in proportion to its size, outranks all other States in the value of its manufacturing industries. It is the utterance of a party also which polled nearly 5,000 more votes in the last election than the Republican party did, and which would be in control in the State to-day did a plurality elect there as it does in most other States.

Congressman Cannon of Illinois is entitled to the thanks of the whole country for his resistance to the ravages of the public-building grabbers, who seem to be struggling with the pension agents to see which of the two can dispose of the surplus most rapidly. Of course any member of the House who stands in the way of grabbing must expect to be sneered at by the grabbers as a being too good for this world. So we are not surprised to hear Mr. Milliken of Maine saying: "Of course, we all understand that my friend from Illinois is posing as the Father of the House and taking care of the Treasury and all that, and we all want to help him so far as we can." Yes, Mr. Milliken is helping him to a large measure of public confidence and himself to the opposite. All these building jobs are put forward with the plea that the Government is paying large sums for rent for its post-offices, etc., and that it is better to own the buildings and stop the rent, whereas in most cases the care and repair of the new buildings, to say nothing of interest on the money expended, will exceed the total rent now paid. Such, we suspect, will prove to be the case in San José, Cal., which was voted a building the other day to cost $200,000, the lot alone costing $75,000. The town is in a Congressional district which embraces a part of the city of San Francisco, where most of the Government business of the district is done. The report for the building sets forth in a magniloquent way that the Government business of all kinds, postal and other, transacted in the district (not in San José alone) amounts to $35,000 per annum. A great many cigar-stores and liquor-saloons in California do more business than that. On account of this $35,000 worth of business, San José was voted a building to cost $200,000. Mr. Cannon was quite right when he said that the town of Danville in his own district was as well entitled to a Government building. The rent paid by the Government for its accommodations in Danville, he added, was only $700 per year. The cost of care and repairs on a $200,000 building will be three times that sum, at the lowest calculation.

Senator Stanford's resolution in favor of lending the money of the Government to farmers on mortgage at 2 per cent. interest is apparently put forward seriously. There are so many new schemes of finance simmering in the heads of our public men, all

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tending to upset the laws of trade and the relations of *meum* and *tuum*, that we think they ought to be consolidated in one comprehensive measure making every man's check legal tender up to a certain fair amount, to be determined by a committee in each Congressional district. The basis for apportioning the right of legal tender might be fixed according to the amount of a man's property. This would accord best with the Stanford idea. But a more equitable arrangement would be to make a man's debts the basis of his exercise of this right, since the man who has property has better opportunities to get money from banks and private lenders. He has an obvious advantage over the man who has only debts for a basis. There have always been people in the world, since banks were first invented, who wanted to issue money on the "basing" process. Give them a base, and they would furnish any amount of money required. Real estate has generally been the most attractive base, but we think that personal property ought to have an equal chance, and that something might be said for debts. We hope that Senator Stanford will not take the narrow-minded view of the subject which his resolution, at first blush, would seem to imply.

In his speech on the Blair Mendicancy Bill, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin called attention again, in his vigorous, incisive way, to the basis of distribution of the $77,000,000 to the States, as follows:

"It is not apportioned upon the basis of illiteracy among the children of school age, but it is apportioned among the States and Territories upon the basis of illiteracy as shown by the census of 1880, without any regard whatever to age, so that there enter into and become a part of that basis of apportionment about 2,900,000 people who, even in 1880, were too old ever to go to the public schools. If the object is to treat illiteracy as a common enemy, and strike at it with the Federal hand full of gold wherever it is found in the United States, then there is neither principle nor philosophy in that basis of apportionment. The apportionment should be based upon illiteracy among those of school age who can be benefited by the appropriation when it shall have been made. In other words, the plaster should be put upon the sore instead of over the entire body, that which is well together with that which is ill."

He then went on to show that, when the States get the money on that false and unphilosophical basis, the distribution in the States is to be made in the same way as their own school fund is distributed. But their own school funds are distributed to white schools and colored schools separately, and the larger part to white schools, although much the larger part of the illiteracy is among the blacks. The same rule would control the distribution of the Federal aid. So that while the illiteracy of Uncle Remus and Daddy Jake and other aged plantation hands would form the basis for parcelling out the aid *to* the States, the stream would turn a short corner *in* the States, and the larger part would go to places where it was least needed.

Here is more protection run mad. Under the title "Our Tin Costs Less Than Half," the New York *Press* prints the following paragraph:

"The announcement that a sample of American refined tin has reached the office of the American Tin-Plate Association in Pittsburgh from the mines in South Dakota warrants the hope that our tin-plate industry will soon be set in motion. This Dakota tin costs $2.15 a ton to produce, as against $4.44 per ton for producing tin of the same quality from the mines of Cornwall, England. When the higher cost of labor here is considered, these figures show a marvellous advantage on our side in the production of the raw tin, and, with tin representing less than 5 per cent. of the value of tin plate, with iron representing 95 per cent., and with a highly developed iron industry already existing here, we can see no reason in the world why the duty on tin plate should not be increased and the tin-plate industry established."

"No reason in the world why the duty on tin plate should not be increased," when the tin "costs less than half" the cost of Cornish tin, and the plates are the product of "a highly developed iron industry already existing here"! Is it for further gifts to the already "highly developed industry" that the duty must be increased, or for the benefit of the tin mines which can undersell the world? And is there any conceivable combination of circumstances in which, to a mad protectionist, there will appear "no reason in the world why the duty should not be increased"?

The *American Grocer* favors an increase of the duty on tin plates on the ground that there is too much competition in canned goods, and that a higher cost for cans would keep it within reasonable bounds. Such is the plain interpretation of an article in the latest number of that trade journal. It says, however, that the canned-goods trade is not a unit on the question, all being governed "to some extent" by selfish motives. Those who want tin plates put on the free list, or at all events not subjected to a higher duty, think that there would be an increase of the trade if the cost of cans were cheapened. Those who are on the other side "argue for a higher duty in order to check the production of cheap canned goods and to check the starting of new factories." The interests of the public are evidently with cheap canned goods and new factories. We trust that members of Congress will take note of the *American Grocer's* very candid statement of the reasons which govern the two contending parties in the canned-goods trade.

The detailed report of the foreign trade of Chili for the year 1888 has recently been issued by the Government, and reveals a very high degree of national prosperity. The imports amounted to $60,717,698, a gain of $12,068,846 over the results attained in 1887. This gain is generally distributed, too, through all the classes of imported goods included in the official enumeration. The countries whence the bulk of these imports proceeds are shown in the following table:

Great Britain	$26,351,141, a gain of 28 per cent.
Germany	14,046,577, a gain of 20 per cent.
France	6,181,513, a gain of 12 per cent.
Argentine Republic	4,345,497, a gain of 95 per cent.
United States	3,133,173, a loss of 3 per cent.
Peru	3,057,854, a gain of 14 per cent.

The great gain noted in the imports from the Argentine Republic is mostly due to the abatement of the cholera prevalent in 1887, and to the raising of the quarantine then enforced. The extension of the Argentine railroad system up to the foot of the Andes, and the easy routes opened to Argentine cattle (almost the only article of export to Chili) through the mountain passes for a good part of the year, also account for a part of the increase.

Chili's exports for the year named footed up $73,089,935, as against $50,349,985 in 1887. Of the total, Great Britain takes 80 per cent., Germany 6, and France 5. The United States took the magnificent sum of $2,070,690, being a loss of 20 per cent.—though, of course, as good protectionists, we are bound to say it was a gain instead of a loss—in comparison with 1887. We are at pains to give these detailed figures because they are more telling than columns of eloquent writing about the sisterhood of the American republics and the way the big sister is going to get the trade of all the others. How unspeakably stupid, in the light of the above exhibit (and it is only indicative of the state of the case in South America generally), appears the wild dream of an American Zollverein, and all those clippings from European newspapers complacently sent out by the Department of State, last summer, to show how it was already clear to the keen European mind that Mr. Blaine was going to divert all South American trade to this country. Why should Chili offend the customer that takes 80 per cent. of what she has to sell, for the sake of pleasing a country that grudgingly takes 2 per cent? The report of the Committee of the Pan-American Congress on a customs union shows that neither Chili nor any other of the South-American republics ever gave so much as a thought to this folly. The showing made by the United States in Chilian foreign trade will please the protectionists, for it is just what they have been striving for—buying nothing abroad. To be sure, they now display an illogical desire to sell something abroad, but, even so, what can they care if the Argentine Republic, a country without manufactures, surpasses us in exports to Chili, or that Peru is scarcely behind us? They will simply turn with fresh fury to the work of shutting out "foreign devils" and subsidizing domestic saints.

The English Liberals last week carried North St. Pancras, one of the London boroughs, by 108, in a total of 5,206. Their candidate, Mr. Bolton, contested the same division at the last election and was beaten by a majority of 261 votes in a total of 3,887. The loss of this seat by the Tories at this juncture, in a London constituency, just after the presentation of the Parnell report, and after Mr. Balfour's repeated announcements of the great success of his coercion policy in Ireland, is one of the most stunning blows they have recently received. It is all the more serious because of the marked and rapid decline in their majorities, as shown in the leading divisions in the House of Commons. In 1887 Parnell's amendment to the Address was beaten by a majority of 106; in 1888 by a majority of 88; in 1889 by a majority of 79; this year by only 67, and in

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all these cases the House was very full and the Tory forces well whipped up. What effect the St. Pancras election will have remains to be seen.

Mr. Gladstone's amendment, which was defeated on Monday in the House of Commons by a vote of 339 to 268, did not wholly end the attack of the Opposition on the report of the Parnell Commission, for it was reinforced by Lord Randolph Churchill on Tuesday. The most remarkable features in the debate were the unbroken vigor of Gladstone's oratory, and the production of Mr. Chamberlain's positive declaration, when advocating the appointment of the Commission, that the only thing of consequence to be inquired into was the Parnell letters — that if these were found to be forgeries, everything else would be of small interest. The contention of the *Times* and of a good many Tories now is, however, that the letters were but a small part of the case, and that it was the boycotting and "the criminal conspiracy" to establish Irish independence which formed the gravamen of the charge; but this, of course, is somewhat ridiculous.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* gives some startling figures as to the result of the recent elections in Berlin. At the last election in that city in 1887 the Socialists cast 93,000 votes out of a total of 232,000. But this year they have cast 125,000 out of a total of 230,000. In other words, the Socialists have a majority in the capital of the German Empire, where they have been for some years under the close surveillance of the police and a modified state of siege. The great commercial city of Hamburg has had a similar experience. In the last Reichstag it had two Socialist representatives and one National Liberal. All three representatives are now Socialists, and yet Hamburg has been for twelve years under the Anti-Socialist Law. In Berlin an old Polish bookbinder who only speaks broken German, has beaten Prof. Virchow, the eminent scientist, by 2,000 majority in a total of 38,000. It must be remembered, too, that all this has occurred in the immediate presence of the Emperor's and Prince Bismarck's efforts to ameliorate by legislation the lot of the workingman. Of course, various lessons may be drawn from the election. The Socialist ranks doubtless contain a great many persons who are not Socialists, and wish simply to protest in the strongest terms against militarism and heavy taxation. But there is one lesson about which there can be no mistake, and that is, that it is folly to try to govern by martial law under parliamentary institutions, and have free elections in a state of siege. This is the experiment Mr. Balfour is trying in Ireland. He is armed with tremendous powers of arbitrary repression, but in only two counties in Ireland can he carry an election. When you put men under martial law, or anything similar, you must not let them vote if you care about the result. The stronger you make the police, and the more you muzzle the discontented, the bigger the majorities they will roll up against you. The two systems are incompatible. Each may have merit, but it must have the field to itself.

The young German Emperor is evidently taking himself more and more seriously—so seriously, in fact, that some people are beginning to doubt whether he is not already showing signs of the malady which finally drove his grand-uncle from the throne. In the speech he made on Saturday last, this young soldier, wholly without civil experience, told a nation of 47,000,000 that "the people and the land were intrusted to him by God—a talent which, as the Bible said, it was his duty to increase," and that he was going to trade with it, so as to add many another thereto; that "those who helped him he would heartily welcome, but those who opposed him he would dash to pieces." These crazy utterances, too, are made just as the Reichstag containing a majority hostile to the Government is about to meet. It is not surprising that the Conservative newspapers look on them as an indication of his readinesss for a coup d'état, and some advise him to establish a dictatorship, and others to abolish universal suffrage, and suspend the Reichstag if the opposition in it becomes unpleasant. The situation is a most unpleasant one for the National Liberals, who at the last election betrayed their own cause and formed an alliance with the Conservatives to oblige Bismarck, and now find themselves not only discredited, but swept out of existence. The Centre or Catholic party holds the balance of power in the new Reichstag, and expects to extort valuable concessions for the Church in return for its help. The critical period in the history of the Empire is clearly at hand—and it is a period which was sure to come after Bismarck's disappearance, and is coming now before his disappearance, owing to the death of the Emperor Frederick.

A bill has been introduced in the French Chambers providing, as a remedy for the decline of population, for a tax on all bachelors—an old remedy—and in addition to this a tax on all married people who have no children and are unable to offer any reasonable excuse to the Collector—an entirely new remedy. The *Journal des Économistes* discusses the measure very seriously, but condemns it *in toto*, as impracticable and even ridiculous. It even suggests that the revenue officer would suffer personal violence at the hands of married couples on whom he attempted to levy fines. But the writer says there is nothing surprising in such attempts at legislation as this, considering the extent to which French people submit to government "réglementation." There is already a law on the statute book offering a premium for large families, and in truth the right to interfere with the size of people's families is an easy deduction from the right, on which the protective system is based, to interfere with the conduct of their business. This system assumes that the men who sit in the Legislature know what is good for every other man better than he knows himself, and that any one who denies it is a rascal, and is probably paid for disbelieving it. It assumes, also, as most of the French "réglementation" does, that man is made for the State and not the State for man. There is a very funny illustration of this in the denunciations one sees in our own protectionist newspapers of those New Englanders who are now clamoring for free raw materials in order to save them from ruin. They are actually scolded for their selfishness in seeking to avoid ruin by an attack on a system designed by the Congressional philosophers for the good of the whole community. It is not surprising that "Nationalism" and Cæsarism make progress under such influences as these, and that politics should in so many countries be resolving itself into a struggle to enable every man to mind his neighbor's business.

The debates in the Spanish Cortes are dragging along in a tiresome fashion. The universal-suffrage bill is suffering the steady though indirect opposition of the Conservatives, who offer various plausible amendments designed to mitigate the evils, as they say, of the dangerous measure, and go on taunting the Liberals with insincerity and with not really desiring the bill to pass. Still, it is on its way towards final enactment, and will undoubtedly be a main reliance of Sagasta in the electoral campaign which all believe to be imminent. Cánovas recently declared his position in a great speech before the Conservative Club, in which he maintained that the Conservative party was the only one able to direct the affairs of Spain successfully, by conserving the interests both of the monarchy and of popular liberty. He really opposes the suffrage measure only on the ground that it is premature. The purposes of the Republicans, about which so much has been written and surmised since the overturning in Brazil and the agitation in Portugal, remain discreetly veiled, though their support of Sagasta, on the main features of his policy, is altogether probable. The anniversary of the establishment of the republic of 1873 was observed this year, on February 11, with unusual enthusiasm at banquets and meetings of Republicans. Singularly enough, the great man of them all, Castelar, took no part in any of the celebrations. He appears to have given his word to Sagasta to allow no Republican disturbance at present, so far as he is concerned, and carefully held to his pledge, even requesting his Republican friends, so it is alleged, to let the date pass unnoticed. The political situation will become critical when once the budget is taken up for discussion. This is the nightmare of every administration. The new Secretary of the Treasury has been heralding that rare thing, a surplus, in the estimates, but the latest news indicates that this is all a mistake, and that the deficit will be even greater than usual—about $24,000,000, in fact.

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NEW YORK AND THE M'KINLEY BILL.

WILL not the Senate heed what has been said of the McKinley bill by the Chamber of Commerce of the great port wherein is entered quite two-thirds in value of all the foreign merchandise brought to this country? Not all of the members of that body are persons who now make entries at the Custom-house. A great many have been importers, but have retired from active business. All are observant and prudent business men who know about the business topics of which they speak, and all condemn the McKinley bill. Every Senator will probably concede that New York is a great port, that two-thirds of the customs revenues of the nation is here paid, and that our business men are as competent and far-seeing as any. Germans have a proverb which says praising is not loving: *Loben ist nicht lieben.* New Yorkers may not ask Senators at Washington to love them, but they do ask that their well-matured opinions on affairs under their daily observation be regarded. Surely Democratic Senators will heed the comments made by the Democratic merchants of a conspicuously Democratic city. Mr. Evarts, with Mr. Hiscock, cannot but be respectful to the utterances of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and the vigorous contentions of those two ought to persuade Republican Senators enough to defeat, in coöperation with Democratic Senators, this most unwise bill, aimed chiefly at those who bring hither consigned goods.

If Senators at Washington will read carefully commercial advertisements, they will discover that the great manufacturers of textile fabrics in New England and elsewhere announce agencies in this city where and of whom their fabrics can be purchased by sample. Buyers are not required to go to Manchester, N. H., or Lowell, Mass., in order to make contracts of purchase at the lowest possible rates. And yet the McKinley bill attempts to formulate in a statute the clamor of rival cities, and of our domestic producers, because European manufacturers imitate New England manufacturers, and establish in New York the chief warehouse and agency for the sale of their goods. The Treasury Department eggs on the raid upon New York, upon American jobbers, and upon American consumers who wish to buy European articles on the best terms they can and with the least inconvenience to themselves. If European goods are purchased in New York of the partners or agents of the foreign makers, the buyer has at hand a responsible party on whom reclamations can be made if the package delivered does not respond to the sample or the contract of purchase.

The Treasury Department and the McKinley bill are endeavoring to break up these existing methods of business, upon the remarkable plea that Government appraisers cannot value correctly *consigned* merchandise, but can accurately appraise *purchased* goods of the same character and quality. Even a very little sense of the ridiculous ought, one would think, to put an end to such pleas. If custom-house examiners, assistant appraisers, and appraisers can correctly report to collectors the foreign value of a case of silk, or worsted, or linen goods *purchased* in Europe, why can they not correctly value precisely similar goods sent hither by the manufacturer? If a New York buyer goes to Zurich, or Dublin, or Manchester, or Lyons to make purchases, is he ignorant of the value in the market of the thing he buys? and if importing houses in New York can have agents familiar with such values, why cannot our Government? The large importing houses in New York must know the foreign values of the articles they buy, or they could not safely conduct their business.

What is needed is more intelligent and correct appraising by local and subordinate officers, and not savage laws treating importers as misdemeanants. If the value is accurately reported, the Treasury can, on goods subject to ad-valorem rates, get the full amount of tax required by Congress. Appraising officers as competent as are European buyers for New York importers can report correct values no matter what an invoice declares; but correct appraising is impossible by officers who have always been in New York, who have never been buyers abroad, and who have merely been promoted at the Custom-house from the commonplace work of openers and packers. In an extract which we make from the report to Congress in 1886 by Secretary Manning, he exhibited the causes of our ignorant and inadequate customs-appraising, and described the remedy, which was not fines, penalties, and imprisonments for importers. This is what he said of appraising officers at the great port of New York:

"Of the fifty, or thereabouts, who inspect and appraise merchandise, I find on inquiry that not one-half have been employed in the business of importation, or in buying and selling articles similar to those which they examine. Many of those who have been promoted, either by competitive civil-service examination or otherwise, to be examiners and assistant appraisers, entered the service as clerks, or in a subordinate capacity, and have had no experience in importing or jobbing, or even in the retail business. The few examiners who may have been, many years ago, large dealers, or small dealers, in articles like those which they now appraise, cannot, if continually engaged in the appraising office at New York, have had experience at home or abroad in buying and selling. The law of 1866 declares that the Appraiser 'shall be *practically* acquainted with the quality and value of some one or more of the chief articles of importation subject to appraisement.' The qualification of each assistant appraiser is described in the same language. The examiner must be *practically* and *thoroughly* acquainted with the character, quality, and value of the article or articles in the examination and appraisement of which he is 'to be employed' to *aid* the assistant appraiser.

"I have learned by inquiry respecting the range of salaries paid in New York by the large importing and jobbing houses in the city, that those who are deemed competent to successfully buy merchandise abroad or at home receive twice, or even three times, as much as is the range of salaries paid to examiners in the New York Custom-house who examine similar articles. In addition, a few of the large houses pay a pension to those of their faithful clerks or agents who have become old or physically incapacitated in service.

"*If the existing complicated rates of duty now levied upon imported merchandise are not to be simplified and made easier of application,* and if examiners are to be the responsible appraising officers who alone inspect the merchandise, then there needs to be, I think, an *immediate* legislative reorganization of the Appraiser's office at New York, and the infusion of larger mercantile experience and more self-confidence in determining foreign values."

The McKinley bill works on lines of reform similar to those pursued by the Tory party in dealing with the condition of Ireland. It refuses to remove the causes of dissatisfaction, resentment, and resistance, which could easily be removed and to the advantage of everybody, and advocates instead new coercive laws, which will inflame and increase present difficulties, making enemies of our customs laws the taxpayers who now are, and wish to be, friends.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL AGAIN.

THE Chace Copyright Bill was passed by the Senate on May 9, 1888, but was defeated in the House of Representatives. It was again brought before Congress on December 5, 1889, by Senator Platt of Connecticut, and referred to the Committee on Patents, consisting of Senators Teller (chairman), Gray, Dixon, Hiscock, Kenna, Reagan, and Platt. The text of the bill, as reintroduced, was one which had been submitted, by request, to a joint committee of the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright Leagues, had been discussed, and, chiefly at the instance of the typographical unions, amended by that committee. The new text was an improvement upon the bill as it had passed the Senate, not only in phraseology, but in the amendment of certain clauses of importance to dramatic and musical authors and publishers. But other changes, for which the above-named committee is responsible—such as the erasure from the Revised Statutes of the stipulation that the copies deposited to perfect copyright should be of the "best edition"—may be questioned as inadvisable; and another, the prohibition of the importation of stereotyped plates, must be pronounced thoroughly bad. One improvement, however, is decidedly to be commended, and that is the insertion, for the first time, of the subject-matter of the bill in its title.

This bill was also promptly presented to the House, and, rather oddly, by two members at nearly the same time—Mr. Adams of Illinois, and Mr. Butterworth of Ohio—and referred, in the first case, to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in the second, to the Committee on Patents. On January 21, 1890, the Senate Committee reported favorably a substitute bill which contains two alterations of the text. The first of these is the erasure of a verbal amendment intended to give additional security to authors of operatic works. This was originally suggested by the legal counsel of the Publishers' Copyright League, and adopted by Senator Chace in the amended text of the bill reported by him to the Senate on March 19, 1888. The second alteration, which is also an erasure, can only be explained on the ground of a failure to comprehend the difference in status between the importation of an original, authorized edition and an unauthorized, fraudulent reprint. The seeming lack of knowledge so elementary in attempting to frame an inter-

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national copyright law, together with the apparent hopelessness of securing immunity from the repetition of the sort of errors which will be presently referred to, strongly recommend the suggestion that Congress, instead of further tinkering the copyright statutes, should follow the example of European countries, and appoint three or four good copyright lawyers as a commission to draft a bill based upon their own knowledge of our present law and a thorough study of the advanced legislation of continental Europe.

By a no doubt preconcerted arrangement, an entirely new print of the bill was presented to Congress during February: on the 15th by Mr. Adams, in the House, from the Committee on the Judiciary; on the 18th by Mr. Simonds, from the House Committee on Patents, and, in the Senate, on the 21st, by Mr. Platt, as a proposed amendment to his former bill, more strictly as a substitute for it. The provisions of this substitute are identical with those of the former bill except in one unimportant particular, namely, the appropriation for the salary of an extra assistant to the Librarian of Congress. This appropriation was stricken out. But the form of the bill is considerably changed and improved by setting out the whole of each of the sections of the Revised Statutes, which it is intended to amend, as they would read after such amendment, instead of merely stating what words are to be erased or added, without giving any context, as has been the case in every previous print of this bill. But unfortunately the execution of this new idea has not been so happy as its conception. Another print of the bill will be necessary, in the first place, to correct the defects due to wretched proof-reading, which has left references standing without regard to the fact that the sections have been renumbered, so that the citations are incorrect, and has been neglectful of the fact that the new form of the bill would necessitate the references to be made to the *chapter* of the Revised Statutes and not to the *section* of the act. A necessary word has also been omitted in quoting the text of the Revised Statutes, and we may be allowed to point out that dramatic compositions should be included in the second line of section 4965 to agree with their previous insertion in sections 4956 and 4963; and this the more particularly because the word "book" in section 4964 was before understood to include dramatic compositions, but, under the new interpretation of the whole statute rendered necessary by the new interpolations, that word in section 4964 must be more narrowly construed. In the second place, section 4958 of the Revised Statutes is set out in the bill without regard to the fact that this section was amended by the Act of June 18, 1874. We assume that this must have resulted from clerical inadvertence; for it is hardly credible that it has been thought advisable to revert to the more bungling method of paying for the recording and copying of assignments at two different rates for every one hundred words, when for more than fifteen years the simpler method of charging a dollar fee for each service, instituted by that act, has been found entirely satisfactory. At least, we have yet to hear the first word of complaint in regard to it.

THE TREASURY HOARD.

THE *Financial Chronicle* of Saturday had an article on Treasury operations and bank reserves, in the course of which it gave a neat table showing that the Treasury had taken eleven millions out of the banks in the month of February. It is a particular instance of the chronic disease of surplus. For a long time past the receipts of the Treasury have averaged two millions a week the year round above its regular disbursements, and the accumulation is specially heavy in months when little interest is payable. At present the disbursements for pensions are beginning to find their way into circulation, and will mitigate the severity of current withdrawals, even if the purchases of bonds should fall below expectation. For some reason best known to himself, Mr. Windom ceased buying 4 per cents in February, when the purchases would have been very useful to trade; he has now resumed them, perhaps in consequence of remonstrances made to him by bankers and ex-officials of the Treasury.

It is the old story, so often explained in these columns, of the working of our sub-treasury system. Judicious purchases of bonds, in view of the continual surplus, do much to remedy the oppressive working of that system, and they need to be judicious; but a proper use of the system of deposits in national banks is also needed to prevent avoidable suffering. Unluckily for Mr. Windom, as well as for the country, he has declared as strongly as he could against such deposits, and he has a harder task in consequence to manage the finances without causing general mischief. He always had the power to require interest on his deposits, and has it yet, but this tolerably obvious method of doing justice in the premises has so far appealed to him in vain. He seems bent on the "rigor of the game," and it is a great pity that the counters are so large. The dangers of the sub-treasury system, in these days of large reserves, are well stated by the *Chronicle*, and we welcome its outspoken criticism of a superannuated method. We cannot agree, however, that there is any popular prejudice against depositing portions of the surplus in national banks. Some leading Republicans, and especially Mr. Blaine, committed themselves during the last campaign to the view that such deposits are illegal and fraudulent. President Harrison was also drawn into that view to some extent. The design was, of course, to discredit the Cleveland Administration. Now the business community must suffer in order to save their precious consistency.

There is one cause of absorption of money by the Treasury, and absorption on a very serious scale, to which we have often adverted, and of which we will now speak more particularly, hoping that at last it may secure the attention it deserves. We refer to the deposits of lawful money in the Treasury for the redemption of surrendered national-bank notes. This redemption fund amounted on the last of February to $64,182,864. Every dollar of this was locked up in the Treasury, since the cash in the Treasury equalled the cash liabilities of every kind, this redemption fund being counted as a cash liability and the surplus cash in the Treasury equalling the deposits in national banks. This vast redemption fund diminishes but slowly; it was $69,000,000 in the first week of January. Speaking financially, not a dollar of this money ought to be in the Treasury. The law, however, prescribes that a national bank, when surrendering circulation, shall deposit in the Treasury lawful money, namely, legal-tender coin or greenbacks, to the amount of bank-notes surrendered, receiving in return the bonds which were held as security for the circulation so surrendered. There was for many years no limit to the surrender of circulation permitted, but a sudden increase of the amounts surrendered induced Congress to pass an act restricting the amount to $3,000,000 per month. The Secretary of the Treasury at the time ought to have met the difficulty, real or imaginary, before Congress could act; he ought to have given notice that he would promptly deposit in other national banks all lawful money deposited for surrender of bank circulation. That opportunity, like many others at the Treasury, was lost. The fact remains that lawful money is still locked up in the Treasury to await the slow presentation of surrendered bank-notes, and that this just now amounts to nearly sixty-four millions of dollars.

Here is a plain case for amendment of the law. The proper place for the lawful money in question, if it is still to be deposited in advance of the presentation of surrendered bank-notes, is not the Treasury, but the national banks in the reserve cities, and especially in New York. The bank-notes should be intercepted in their usual movement, and the lawful money destined for their final redemption should not at any time be withdrawn from the channels of trade. It is a prodigious waste of strength to take large sums of money of full legal tender out of the reach of trade, and lock it up for months and years, awaiting the straggling return of bank-notes for redemption at the Treasury in Washington. The law should be changed, and changed with as little delay as is consistent with proper examination of the subject; and the cardinal point to keep in view is, that the redemption of bank-notes be effected without the withdrawal for a single day of money of full legal tender. Give us an amendment covering this point, and further accumulation of money in the Treasury for this purpose is at an end. With regard to the vast sum now locked up, probably all that can safely be done is to hasten as much as possible the presentation of the bank-notes wanted for redemption. It seems likely that something might be gained in this direction by furnishing the New York Clearing-house with a list of all surrendered circulation, particularly if it

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can be arranged to have such bank-notes cashed at the Sub-Treasury in this city. But the other matter, the amendment to the law of redemption, should be attended to in Congress at once.

WHY THE CITY IS NOT WELL GOVERNED.

In discussing last week the subject of improvement in the government of this city, we took the ground that nothing could be gained by further charter tinkering, since we have already an excellent charter, and that we are not governed well "simply because the offices are not filled by the right men." This view of the case is sustained in the strongest manner by an article in the March *Century* on the government of the city of Glasgow, written by Mr. Albert Shaw. The picture which his plain, luminous narrative of the condition of Glasgow to-day presents, is of a city governed well because its offices are filled by the right men. It is governed by a Town Council of fifty members, who are elected for three years, who "come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens." The Councillors serve without salary, the office is deemed an honor, "party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections," and "an efficient Councillor may, in general, expect reëlection for several terms if he is willing to serve," as the "seat of a satisfactory man who asks reëlection is, in a majority of cases, not contested at all."

The Town Council thus composed has absolute control of all departments of the city government—streets, police, fire department, markets, water and gas supply, municipal courts, sanitary arrangements, street railways, and construction of buildings public and private. It controls all appointments to office. "Heads of departments," says Mr. Shaw, "are selected with great care, and their places are practically permanent." The Town Clerk, who is the legal adviser of the city, corresponding to our Corporation Counsel, is expected to hold his position for life. The present incumbent, who has held the office for many years, is a high authority throughout Great Britain upon questions of municipal history and law. The City Architect and Master of Public Works, an office corresponding to our Departments of Public Works and of Street-Cleaning combined, is one of the most distinguished of British architects and engineers, and has held the office for nearly half a century. The Health Department has been in charge of an equally distinguished physician for nearly or quite as long a period. These officials are typical of the entire municipal administration. In every department there is employed the highest attainable expert ability, and the tenure of office is for life in all cases where fitness and efficiency are shown.

The results of a government by such officials are precisely what might be looked for in a private business controlled by them. The city is perfectly cared for in every respect, and the welfare and comfort of all citizens are ministered to in every way. The streets are well paved, are cleaned thoroughly every night, and the private courts in the thickly settled quarters are cleaned once and in some instances three times a day. The gas and water supply, both regulated by the municipality, are abundant and cheap. The street railways are leased on terms so favorable to the city that after 1894 they will yield the city a large income, and will not require a penny of public expenditure. Model tenements, lodging-houses, and abundant hospitals are provided, and every possible sanitary precaution is enforced to add to the comfort and health of the poorer classes. There are excellent public schools, public libraries, and picture-galleries for the education and recreation of all. The police protection by day and night is perfect. In short, Glasgow presents the pleasing spectacle of a city whose highest morality and intelligence are devoted to an earnest and honest effort to conduct its affairs for the benefit and happiness of all.

What is true of Glasgow is to be said with scarcely a modification of Berlin, of Birmingham, and of Manchester. The two latter English cities have been for years under town-council rule, and results similar to those which Mr. Shaw describes in Glasgow have been obtained there. The Berlin municipality, which we described at length in these columns a few years ago, is one of the marvels of the world, presenting, in fact, a unique example of a model city government. Its foundation is a municipal assembly of 126 members, who comprise the most eminent statesmen, scholars, and merchants to be found in the city limits. Many of them serve the city for life without pay. They call to the municipal service the highest expert ability to be found within the empire, and, when secured, every inducement is made to retain it for life. The result is that Berlin, like Glasgow, Birmingham, and Manchester, is a city in which scandal and corruption and extravagance in administration are unknown. Its citizens not only have their rights protected in every way, but their welfare and comfort advanced by the whole power of the municipality, and their rents and taxes reduced by the integrity and intelligence with which this city's affairs are conducted.

Does anybody doubt that with the same class of men in charge of our city government we could obtain similar results? What is our Council here who rule us as absolutely as the Town Council rules Glasgow? It is the Tammany Committee of Organization, whose twenty-four members are really controlled by the "Big Four," Bourke Cockran, "Dick" Croker, "Tommy" Gilroy, and Mayor Grant. Will anybody claim that this controlling power represents the intelligence and virtue of the community, and governs the city for the highest good of all its inhabitants? Would Glasgow, or Berlin, or Manchester, or Birmingham be well and wisely governed if its town or municipal council were to decide that they would vest the appointing and other most important administrative powers in the hands of an inexperienced and slightly educated young sporting man, who hung up his white coat and stepped out of a road wagon to assume the reins of government? Why are our streets wretchedly paved and cleaned and our public works generally mismanaged? Did Mr. Grant, when he became Mayor, seek, as Glasgow did, for high engineering skill to put at the head of our Public Works Department? We had in that place at the time the most eminent engineer in the land, who had spent a lifetime in his profession. The Mayor gave due notice before he was elected that he would not retain this man, though the city could have afforded to pay almost any price for his services; and when the people chose him, in spite of this notice, the Mayor conferred the office upon an ex-school-teacher who had left that respectable calling to become a politician, and who knew nothing whatever of engineering. The same Mayor removed from the Health Bureau the highest authority on sanitary matters that the city had, and put in his place an adventurer from another city who had never given a thought to sanitary science, who was a speculator of dubious reputation in Wall Street, and whose sole qualification for the place was that he was one of the Mayor's "cronies." The same Mayor replaced an able and experienced lawyer in the Corporation Counsel's office with an unknown and inexperienced lawyer, whose sole qualification was that he was the partner of one of the "Big Four." Contrast those three heads of departments in this city with the heads of the corresponding departments in Glasgow who have held their positions for nearly half-a-century! The wonder is not that New York is governed badly, but that it is governed at all.

Who is responsible? Not Mayor Grant and his cronies whom he puts into office, but the people who elected him. The intelligent and honest voters of this city are in an overwhelming majority if they would put aside party names and unite for the common good. Mr. Shaw says of Glasgow that "party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections." If we could say that of New York, half the battle would be won. Until that can be said we can hope for little improvement. We cannot blame the unfit men whom we put into power for using that power badly, for we put them in knowing their unfitness and their inability and indisposition to use it in any other way. The adventurer Squire said, when asked why he accepted the appointment from Mayor Edson to the Commissionership of Public Works: "Why shouldn't I accept it? It's a good thing, and if the Mayor is willing to give it to me, I should be a fool to refuse it." All Mayor Grant's appointees might well make a similar answer were they to be charged with unfitness. We cannot get reform or good government from such men, simply because it is not in them. We can only secure it by making it impossible for them and their kind to get possession of the offices.

A FRANCO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.

PARIS, February 21, 1890.

COL. STOFFEL is a man of no ordinary stuff. We still remember the sensation which was produced when, during the siege of Paris, and

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by order of the Provisional Government of the National Defence, the reports which he had written from Berlin as military attaché of France were published. These reports were a continual and most sagacious warning. At a time when the military strength of Prussia was despised at the Court of the Tuileries, Stoffel showed its importance, described its military institutions, showed how, since the beginning of the Second Empire, and especially since the Crimean war, Prussia had been preparing herself for great events and for great changes in Europe. As an Alsatian, Stoffel was well acquainted with the German language; he had, therefore, opportunities, as military attaché, which few had had before him; he was a true prophet, and, like so many other prophets, he could not make his voice heard.

When the war broke out, he was attached to the person of the Emperor, and intrusted with the secret service of the army; he sent and received the despatches written in cipher; he was in communication with the Empress till the capitulation of Sedan took place and the revolution of the 4th of September followed. Ever since the war, although the publication of his military reports proved the correctness of his judgment, he has remained under a sort of cloud. We saw him appear for a moment as a witness during the trial of Marshal Bazaine at Trianon; he was cross-examined about some despatches of Bazaine's which Marshal MacMahon had never received, and during his cross-examination he made a violent attack on the generals who had prepared the indictment of Bazaine. He was condemned to a month's imprisonment by the Court, and from that moment he vanished from sight. He leads now a solitary and retired life, mourning for the loss of his native province, and having no part to play in the new French Army, which others have reorganized and others are commanding. I often meet him in the streets. Thin and wiry, young-looking for his age, with a sad expression on his fine military face, he has the appearance of a man who cannot well bear his inactivity, and who is, as the French say, gnawing his own vitals.

Col. Stoffel has now come out of his retirement with a pamphlet which cannot but make a great noise in Europe. It is written in contravention of the almost universal opinion in France. Never has the attraction of France towards Russia been stronger than at the present moment. Our financiers have, by means of the so-called conversions, helped the Russian Government to reëstablish its credit. The Russian credit was once compared by a financier to a house built on piles; the piles were the various loans emitted at different times, and with different rates of interest, sinking funds, etc. All these loans have gradually been transformed into one vast loan, bearing only an interest of 4 per cent. The transformation was successfully made at gradually increasing prices of emission. The last 5 per cent. will in a few days be converted into a 4 per cent., emitted at 93. There will be a rush for this new 4 per cent., and the subscribers will receive only a ridiculously small proportion of their subscription. The bankers who are conducting this great movement would never have succeeded if they had not had the aid of the French capitalists. The small investors who have sold all their Italian funds have replaced them with Russian funds. Berlin has ceased to be the great market for Russian securities, and Russia feels that she can draw on French credit almost to any extent.

Now, it is idle to say that French capitalists have in this matter been led solely by interest, they have been led by sentiment; and if their interests have so far been well served, it is because this sentiment has produced a powerful coalition of capital favorable to Russia. I have at various times insisted in my letters on this irresistible attraction of France towards Russia, showing how it grew and was developed by all sorts of influences. There is no written alliance between Republican France and autocratic Russia, but the two nations believe that their interests are common in Europe, and that this community of interests is stronger than any written diplomatic document.

The title of Col. Stoffel's pamphlet is significant: 'On the Possibility of a Future Franco-German Alliance.' Against whom would such an alliance be directed? Against Russia. It is impossible to go more directly against the opinions and prejudices of the day. Let us see how Stoffel justifies what, at present, will be regarded as a bold paradox. He considers that the loss of Alsace-Lorraine has been to France more than a material loss: it has deprived her of her security. A battle lost on the present frontier would place Paris, in a fortnight, at the mercy of the conqueror; a battle lost by Germany on the Rhine would not endanger Berlin, which is separated by forty days' march and by the lines of the Rhine and the Elbe. The fate of our country actually depends on the issue of a single battle fought on the frontier; and this bare fact places France in a humiliating and intolerable condition (the words are Stoffel's). In taking Alsace-Lorraine after the war, Prussia made the same mistake as did Napoleon when he inflicted, after Jena, a humiliating peace on his adversary. The advisers of the Emperor of Germany were blind with regard to Russia; they were blinded by the personal friendship which existed between the sovereigns. Alexander of Russia had almost triumphed with the King of Prussia, who wrote to him: "It is first to God, then to you, that I owe my victory." This friendship was personal and did not survive Alexander.

Prince Bismarck foresaw some of the consequences of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and, if we may believe a despatch of M. de Saint-Vallier, he expressed himself openly on the subject in 1879. He had shown, after Sadowa, a spirit of moderation which was truly statesmanlike. Col. Stoffel reports a conversation which he had with the German Chancellor two years after the peace with Austria had been signed. France had offered her mediation, and, in consequence of it, Prince Bismarck advised his King to make peace with Austria.

"If the King had refused the mediation of France, Napoleon III. might have been obliged to declare war on him. At the sight of the first red pantaloons on this side of the Black Forest, we should have seen the troops of Würtemberg, Bavaria, and the other German States re-form. We should have had to fight alone Austria, Germany, and France. It is true, Moltke was not alarmed at the prospect of such a disproportionate struggle; in a single night he made his plan of campaign. We had at this moment 660,000 men under arms and on the pay-rolls. Moltke sent 200,000 to the Rhine and opposed the remainder to Austria and the German States. However, my advice was to make peace. But I had everybody against me, and I passed some unpleasant days. When I went to see the King at Nikolsburg, I overheard people on the way call me a traitor. The Prince Royal was most ardent for continuing the war, and very excited against me."

The King, however, ended by adopting the opinion of Prince Bismarck, but with reluctance. He wrote a letter to the Prince, beginning with the words, "After having reflected leisurely on the reasons which you presented to me, I give my consent to this *shameful* peace."

Col. Stoffel laments the difference in Prince Bismarck's conduct after Sadowa and after Sedan. He believes that nobody, not even Prince Bismarck, foresaw the consequences of the Peace of Frankfort. Everybody in Germany thought that France would hasten to begin a war of revenge, and everybody thought it necessary to take a strong defensive position, in anticipation of this war. France, however, has remained at peace since 1870, and in this interval Germany has found a new and, in many respects, more formidable enemy. The alliance of the three Emperors of the north was a short dream, and what is the reality? It is the alliance of the two German Emperors against the Emperor of Russia. The enmity of Germany and Russia is every day more apparent, and it may at any time become a formidable difficulty for Germany. It may be said to be a permanent danger; and who can say with certainty that the Triple Alliance of Prussia, Austria, and Italy will last for ever?

The new German Empire is under the necessity of being constantly ready to oppose two formidable adversaries, one on the east, the other on the west. Where is the remedy? Col. Stoffel does not hesitate to say there is but one, the voluntary retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine. He maintains that this idea has been slowly gaining ground in Germany. On this point he seems to us to be under an illusion, for we have seen no sign of this transformation, except, perhaps, in the speeches of a few German Socialists. It is very unusual for a country to make a voluntary cession of territory, even of newly acquired territory. Austria did not abandon Lombardy or Venetia without a struggle, though the abandonment of Venetia was almost resolved on in principle. Col. Stoffel is not so romantic as to believe in an unconditional surrender of Alsace-Lorraine; he offers something for it. He intimates that Germany, if she consented to retrocede Alsace-Lorraine, would have a right to ask for an offensive and defensive alliance with France; and in his opinion this alliance would be the only sure guarantee for the peace of Europe.

It is not necessary, says Stoffel, to have meditated much on the state of Europe to perceive that the danger which threatens civilized nations is at the East, where it increases every day, slowly but surely. It can be affirmed that, thanks to the divisions which disintegrate nations, Russia will some day or other become mistress of the provinces of the Danube. When that day comes, she will encircle Europe from the Baltic to the Archipelago, protected on her two flanks by those two seas, in a position which nobody will be able to turn or attack from behind. Having then at her service the numerous sailors of the islands of the Archipelago, she will spread gradually, like a grease-spot, and will soon obtain the coasts of the Adriatic and Trieste. When she has at her head a conquering Czar, how will the Occidental peoples, if they are still disunited, resist the formidable pressure of the Slavic race? It will be the war of civilization against barbarism, and the moment may then come when will be accomplished for Europe the prophecy of Napoleon at St. Helena, "Republican or Cossack."

A little map accompanies the pamphlet, and shows to the eye this Russia of the future—having absorbed Turkey, the principalities of the Danube, and all the Balkan provinces—as large as the other states of Europe put together.

THE TWO SALONS.

PARIS, February 13, 1890.

THAT the vote in the Society of French Artists not to include in future Salon catalogues

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the awards of the special jury of fine arts at the Universal Exposition, should have been disapproved by as many as passed it, is not surprising. Viewed in the light of patriotism and of international courtesy, this measure was a maladroit breach of propriety. It was a slight to the jury instituted by the State at the Universal Exposition and an offence to the artistic world at large—that is to say, to the artists of every nationality rewarded in Paris in 1889. If this had been the only side to the question, there is little doubt that it could have been discussed amicably; the protest of the opposition would have been understood at once, and there the matter would have ended. But in the fever of the ballot, personal grievances were directed against M. Meissonier, President of the Exposition jury, and the altercation took the character of a feud. Numerous resignations were tendered. Upon reflection the Society of French Artists, loath to lose so many of its brilliant members gathering round M. Meissonier, proffered olive branches. "Too late," answered M. Meissonier. And indeed it was too late; the dissenters had already set to casting the mould of a new artistic fraternity, so different in its forms from the one they abandoned that the episode appears like the devised excuse for a revolution long felt to be imperative.

The name of the new group is somewhat ambiguous. It terms itself "National Society of Art." The appellative "national" belongs as well to the group of the Champs Élysées. National art is but the ensemble of varied talents, and M. Meissonier and his new associates do not exemplify with their varied individual talents an art more national than when they exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie. So, in spite of its loss, the old Salon may continue to be as national as its rival can expect to show itself. The designation has no reference to the assertion of any art principle, but is meant to convey the idea that art in the new society will be held superior to party and personal considerations. No medals there, since they give rise to intrigues; the quality of *sociétaire* must be sufficient in itself to take their place. No jury of admission either; instead, a letter of invitation to inform the would-be member that the walls of the Palais des Beaux-Arts in the Champ de Mars are at his disposal. Once open, the doors are never closed upon him. The invitation holds good for all time, and for as many pictures as he chooses to exhibit; indeed, his admission may be likened to a reception at the Académie Française, minus the speech. If more exclusive and apparently restricted, these proceedings are liberal, and, above all, they react against the administrative spirit that was creeping so fast into the Society of the Champs Élysées.

It is undeniable that the artistic spirit of the modern artist is not what that of his predecessors was. Cabanel, saying to his pupils that art is a career and a bread-winner, uttered a sentiment that would have horrified his confrères of thirty years age. Not that they disdained, more than those of to-day, to sell their work, but because they entertained a more exalted idea of their calling. For all that, Cabanel's words were a very sincere echo of the *état d'esprit* of the moderns. As to the administrative spirit prevailing in the world of art, it is not wholly due to the rules governing the association of artists, but is a direct result of the encouragement lavished upon art for the last thirty years. It is that endless series of competitions, premiums, medals, diplomas, and decorations, which have created a hierarchy comparable only to that existing in bureaucracy and the army. At first the public entered into the spirit of that hierarchy: medals had an influence on the prices art brought. But a day came when artists discovered that the coveted distinctions no longer secured the wonted valuation among dealers and amateurs, and that the little palazzi of the Avenue de Villiers were not to be furnished even with a first-class medal. The great public itself was approached without recommendation and admired according to its taste. When M. Bouguereau's spokesman (some say scapegoat) in the late affair of medals remarked that, without them, the public would be in a maze, he forgot, no doubt, that there are artists, as much *hors concours* as medals can well make them, glad to obtain the humble position of drawing-master in city schools. The last to grow sceptical as to these honors are some Americans who still regard them as transatlantic passports. Yet, vain as they may be admitted to be, every one contended for a place among the *haut-gradés*. The mere suggestion of doing away with such distinctions met with discontent from men who either had not their fill of honors, or else, crowded with them, did not care to enter on a footing of equality with those less distinguished. For if no more rewards were to be given, it would be but fair to omit any mention of past ones.

With its success, the Society of French Artists had remained stationary and neglectful of details, though the necessity of reform was suspected. The Committee knew that the system of medals was a cause of yearly altercations. Art critics repeated that the jury was too numerous; that it should not remain the same every year; that the aspirants to medals weighed too much on its conscience; that it ought to be sheltered from the unintelligent despotism of the *mandat impératif*. But the best intentioned in the Society were too closely watched by the great number to dare any reform. The authority of talent, which it seems should be the first in an artistic association, was cancelled by an undercurrent of cliques and coalitions. What better illustration of this state of things than the absence from the Salon jury of M. Meissonier, whom the inferior element, knowing what a hindrance he would be to partisan arrangements, refused to vote for!

However, it must not be supposed that the more influential members of the Society seconded the motion to refuse the immunity of exemption to artists rewarded at the Exposition solely in order to reserve to themselves a monopoly of official rewards. The Committee objected to the awards obtained at the Exposition, not because it wished to contest them, but because each of these awards insured to its holder free admission to the Salon; and, considering the number, it was apprehended that the space reserved to unrewarded artists would be insufficient. So it was officially explained. To confirm it (there were still hopes at that time that the schism could be patched up) it was resolved that all exemptions should be suppressed: great and small should have no prerogatives before the jury—their talent would have to be rejudged before every Salon. Once in the way of reforms, the Society set about improving the mechanism of its jury. First, the number of jurors will be diminished from forty to twenty, with five supplementary jurors in the section of painting. The names of fifty artists *hors concours* will be selected by universal suffrage. These will be divided into five series, comprising ten names each; and four names will be drawn by lot out of each series. The five supplementary jurors will be drawn in like manner, one from each series. Then, after the close of the Salon, lots will be drawn to decide which ten members out of the twenty shall be ineligible for the next year, since the same jurors are not to appear annually. The same plan of organization will be observed in the section of sculpture.

This is already good, but not good enough. The protection granted by the State to artists has no excuse for being, since no official art flourishes. Its aid, instead of fostering the development of modern art, proves in many ways a hindrance. The help it proffers is too much at the expense of independence; talents are too apt to curb their personal impulses in order to be on the side of those remnants of tradition which continue to gauge their worth. The evil begins with the artist's education. Take, for instance, a pupil sent by his native town to the school of the Beaux-Arts: to prove himself worthy of the free education offered him, he must show himself a worker. He must show that he can hold his own with the other young official workers of the same academy. Success in competitions will gratify his friends of the provincial town, so he inscribes himself in every one. If gifted, medals are showered upon him: medals for study of expression, for anatomy, perspective, etc. The result is printed in the papers, and proudly reiterated by the townsmen of the young laureate. Henceforth he is in the toils of a premature glory, and will be incapable of returning to studies more fitted to his temperament. Furthermore, his record, graded by the number of medals obtained, entitles him to pecuniary help if he is in need of it. During the Empire, assistance to needy Beaux-Arts students was disguised under an artistic form; they were given two or three copies of the Emperor's portrait to make. Now the subsidy is reduced to a hundred francs, voted from time to time. When this student competes for the *prix de Rome*, he knows exactly what advantages are at stake: four years at the Villa Médicis and the income of 4,000 francs a year for the three years that follow his return from Rome. He knows to a nicety the sum of concessions and abdications needed to win it. His education has taught him through what channels rewards are obtained, and disposed him to abdicate personality for official protection.

Between the decisions of the two societies, a step has been made towards liberty in art. Both will vie with each other in giving an example of liberality. The new Salon will be certainly the most select, for it will have the preference of the best artists, tired at heart of the crowd of the Champs Élysées. The old will continue what it has been, a field devoted to novelty and surprises. If new altercations arise—as they are bound to do—it is not in the societies of art that the next modifications will have to be wrought, but in the system of education itself, beginning at the foundation with the Beaux-Arts. When of this institution, which has rendered great services, nothing shall remain but the palace, artists will view themselves in a different light.

LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

Correspondence.

WANAMAKER'S CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In No. 1222, the *Nation* said that Wanamaker's rise was due "to the fact that he has made an enormous contribution in money to Quay's campaign fund, and to a successful attempt to extort $400,000 for it in the last week of the canvass, the full nature of which we trust to see revealed when Congress meets."

Please inform your readers if Congress has

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taken any steps to discover the nature of this contribution, or if any attempt was made by the minority to do so, and defeated by the majority. The little episode in the Senate anent Dudley's "blocks of five" is known.

SUBSCRIBER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 3, 1890.

[We regret to say that neither the majority nor the minority in Congress has as yet taken any steps in the matter.—ED. NATION.]

BLACK AND WHITE ON SOUTHERN RAILROADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: C. F. Adams writes you: "In the South the negro must ride in a separate and filthy railroad-car or in the smoking-car."

Six months ago I should have believed that Mr. Adams knew what he was talking about, had I then read his letter in the *Nation*. For the last half year I, a Northern man, have travelled in the States of North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia. What the laws of these States are with relation to negroes riding in first-class cars I do not know; I do know, however, that in this State negroes ride in first-class cars if they buy first-class tickets, and I have seen them in such cars in South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia.

My impression is that South Carolina forbids any but whites to ride in first-class cars. Anyway, let me relate an incident I personally witnessed a few weeks ago in South Carolina: A negro woman with two children, all well dressed, entered a first-class car on its way to North Carolina. The conductor ordered her into the second-class car. She refused to go, saying it was only a few hours' ride into North Carolina, where the conductor acknowledged he could not discriminate. Now Mr. Adams doubtless expects to hear that the woman was thrown off the car, burned at the stake, and the brains of her children dashed out against the nearest telegraph-pole. His idea doubtless is—I once had that idea—that in the South there is always at hand a band of men (ex-rebels, of course, and more or less Kukluxy in dress) whose business it is to kill negroes, or at best insult them, on the slightest provocation. As a matter of fact, this negro woman kept her seat; not only that, she kept her tongue going, and she routed the conductor all along the line, to the great amusement—not indignation, Mr. Adams—of everybody in the car. He retired in as good order as could be expected, and the negro woman, her head well up, rolled into North Carolina in a state bordering on the triumphal entry of a victorious general.

Now let me add—it is so characteristic—that though this negress routed the conductor, she was totally unable to resist the blandishments of the train-boy, who sold to her several dollars' worth of stuff she could have no possible use for.

R.

NORTH CAROLINA, March 3, 1890.

THE RELIEF OF THE SUPREME COURT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your notice of my paper intimates that I should have suggested a scheme. I do not propose to do anything so presumptuous. This measure should be intrusted to a commission of five lawyers appointed by the President at the request of Congress. It is evident, judging from the specimens we have had, that neither the importance nor the difficulty of the subject is appreciated. The existing statutes, I have endeavored to show, prove that Congress overlooked entirely the chief object of having a Supreme Court, for general jurisprudence, while they carefully preserve its functions for constitutional and statutory law and the rights of the Government.

It is unreasonable to expect that any one should volunteer the adequate labor and time for drafting a proper statute without some prospect of its being read, and it is quite improbable that Congress will accept unasked-for advice of a mere private person. When England began its law reform fifty years ago, it did it by commissions, and by them inquiry was made of every State of the Union as to their experience in the matters proposed to be dealt with. It is supposed some of our plans were imitated. Would it not be well to follow this example, and ascertain how it is that they have solved the very difficulty we are laboring under?

Solved it they have. It may be that the litigation in the British Empire is smaller than that of the very limited jurisdiction of the Federal courts. If so, why it is so is a most pertinent question for the Commission. Is it brought about by artificial means or natural? It will be remarkable if this is the fact, when we consider that the appellate jurisdiction includes the three kingdoms and all the colonies, whatever be the cause. They have no constitutional questions, but we have no divorce suits or ecclesiastical causes. They even consider the propriety of granting a new trial in a colonial court. They weigh the evidence in admiralty; we prohibit any inquiry into the conclusions of a single judge, however unfounded. They evidently know no limit of amounts in controversy; we hold that if the plaintiff, though entitled to nothing, is content to accept so small a sum as $5,000 and costs, the constitutional guarantee of an appeal is lost.

I do not propose to suggest the remedy. I think any one can see the difference between the presumption of framing a statute for Congress, and pointing out the mode of obtaining the proper kind of ability and information for the task. No one but a practising lawyer can fully comprehend the evil as it now exists, and the impossibility of curing it, except by some system that we know nothing about. The result of the experiment we did make is quite sufficient, I should think, to prevent one whose self-conceit has any limit, from venturing on untried plans, spun out of the cobwebs of his own brain; and the Pennsylvania practice of pretending to hear counsel, provided they will not speak long enough to enable any one to ascertain what they are after, has not proved entirely satisfactory.

It is only in the hope that somebody will be induced by the recommendation of your paper to get the attention of Congress or the Government called to the subject, that I have ventured to make these suggestions.

R. C. MCMURTRIE.

THE TYRANNY OF THE STONECUTTERS' UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose a cutting from yesterday's Boston *Daily Globe*, which doubtless you may have seen, with regard to the lockout in the stonecutters' trade due to the first combined action of the Freestone Contractors' Association of New England, an association of recent organization. The outrages from which the employers of stonecutters have suffered seem to me among the most heinous and unjust ever suffered by employers at the hands of unions. That the abuses should have been tolerated so long, and been allowed to grow to their present enormity, is matter for the greatest surprise; and that the employers, now that they have been forced at last to combined action, should publish a manifesto so wise, so just, and so moderate as the one I enclose, speaks most strongly in their favor. It is to be hoped they will not give in until they have forced the Union to the adoption of every one of their most temperate proposals.

But it is not to enlarge upon the statement of the employers' grievances that I write to you, though I might mention individual cases that have come to my knowledge of employers paying such fines as $100 to the Union because they did not get their men all paid off by exactly twelve o'clock. I wish to call attention to one phase of the trouble which affects all those interested in the advancement of art in this country. By the brute power of the Stonecutters' Union, the carvers of all stone and marble used in any way in buildings—men who are some of them thorough artists—are forced to belong to the Stonecutters' Union, to class themselves with mere artisans, and help them fight their battles, however unjust. Hitherto the majority of them have tamely submitted to this slavery under the mistaken notion that it was to their advantage. There are not enough carvers of real ability in the country to do all the work for which there is demand, yet the New England Stonecutters' Union has refused to allow any more men to join the unions or to work in the yards, and it includes the carvers in this refusal, for it makes no distinctions. Its aim is rather to reduce all to the level of the lowest. Previous to this it charged every man the outrageous admission fee of $100 to the Union, or would not let him work.

These carvers were ordered to strike without any reasons given. Telegrams were sent to different cities in the United States where they were at work, and they meekly dropped their tools and came back to Boston. The carvers all admit the entire justice of their employers' position, they regret having to give up profitable work for reasons they know to be utterly unjust; but they dare not disobey the tyrant's commands. The cause of the enforced strike was the employment of carvers belonging to the Marblecutters' Union to carve certain marble for the Boston Public Library, enough carvers belonging to the Stonecutters' Union not being obtainable. The animus of the Union is shown by its president remarking, "He was not there to discuss the justice of the matter: that was not his affair; the Union had the power and meant to use it." It is, in short, a mere exhibition of brute power for the mere sake of using it and glorying in it.

Of late years some of our architects have been making strenuous efforts to improve the quality of the carving on our buildings—to make the carving, as it should be, real work of art. The great improvements that have been made in the last ten years testify to the partial success of these efforts and to the admirable way in which they have frequently been seconded by the master carvers and their men. More, much more, remains to be desired. But how, under the present conditions, is any advance possible? Truly, Pegasus is yoked with an ass.

ARCHITECT.

BOSTON, March 5, 1890.

FAS EST ET AB "HOSTE" DOCERI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the meeting of the Typothetæ at St. Louis, in the autumn of 1889, the Chace Copyright Bill was discussed, and a leading printer

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of St. Louis opposed it in a long speech, during which he did me the honor to make extensive quotations from a published lecture of mine, for which he gave me due credit; but I was grieved to find that, while using my arguments against the excessive claims of the extreme school of authors'-rights advocates, he did not state that the whole drift of my lecture (delivered in 1882) was in favor of granting copyright to all authors who, by publishing their books in any country, acquired thereby a moral right to the protection of the municipal law of that country. To have stated this would have traversed the line of his speech, and neutralized any force which his quotations may have had. I was, however, glad to find that the vote went in favor of the bill; and, St. Louis being a long way off, I did not trouble myself about the matter until last week, when I found, in the St. Louis *Stationer and Paper and Printing Trades' Journal*, some of these same quotations doing duty again in opposition to the principle of international copyright.

Before the meeting, during the summer of 1889, the gentleman referred to called on me at Montreal, and we had a long conversation upon this question. Our views were divergent, but I hoped to have impressed him in favor of international copyright. I saw by the printed report, in October last, that I was mistaken. To quote, however, from my lecture in the way reported was like seething a kid in its mother's milk. Possibly he made some qualification which does not appear in print.

It always seemed to me that the chief cause of refusal of international copyright has, for very many years, been the extreme ground taken by the advocates of absolute authors' rights who persisted in ignoring certain economic principles which the United States (rightly or wrongly) had adopted. My theme was, that an author who manufactured his book in England acquired no rights in foreign countries by any absolute law; but that a book upon being manufactured in the United States should be protected as any other property, without inquiry as to where the writer was born. In patent law the principle is familiar.

My argument in the conversation also referred to at the meeting in St. Louis was purely from a United States standpoint (a position which Canadians, from their constant intercourse with the United States, are capable of taking), and it ran in this line:

The people of the United States have adopted the policy of protection to home industry. Therefore the proposed Copyright Bill demands that all books to be protected shall be manufactured in the United States. You are careful of the printers, the engravers, the binders, the paper-makers; but you, who oppose this bill, are forgetting the authors. I mean your own authors—bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh—born and brought up under your own institutions. What have they done that the works of foreigners should be brought into untaxed competition with their works? The American author has to live, and sometimes, when he is very imprudent, he has a wife and children; for that reason his books are charged with copyright. In short, he gets paid for his work just like the printer and binder, and the babes of the printer and paper-maker and author are thereby nourished into active adult citizens of your great republic. But, as your law stands now, you are bringing in the work of foreign authors to the detriment of your home authors; you are selling their books less the cost of authorship; and you are taking the bread out of the mouths of your own literary producers, because you are underselling their productions with free foreign literary labor. You would not do that with the paper-makers. You say books must be cheap—the people of the United States demand cheap books. If so, be consistent and take the duty off paper and printing materials and give the people cheaper books; but you protect every kind of labor in a book except intellectual labor. In books alone free foreign labor is encouraged to supplant American labor.

And it does supplant it to an amazing degree. The American mind is not nourished upon American literature, but upon British literature. Look through the immense lists of books in the cheap libraries: you will find no American names. It is nothing to the point to say that British authors receive nothing out of that enormous mass of literature; neither do American authors, for it takes the place of American literature and displaces just so much of native work. Your wives and daughters read of deans and canons, and dukes and lords, of kings and queens and courts, and their ideas are formed, in spite of their surroundings, upon a state of society eminently un-American. The British author is teaching them gratis. The men are saved by the daily newspapers—for the Sunday newspapers are now largely occupied with foreign-syndicate matter also.

It seems to me that, in this respect, the United States people are yet in the Middle Ages. In old times the foreigner was always an enemy, and the same word was used for both. The last people in the other hemisphere who nourished such ideas were the Barbary States. Commodore Decatur explained matters to them in 1815, and ever since that time the property of the foreigner has been everywhere respected—provided it were not literary property; but in literature the stranger is still the enemy in the United States.

But this objectionable foreign author is by the Chace bill to be domiciled among you. He brings the produce of his brains and prints it on American paper with American type and ink. He will submit to all your laws and regulations, if you will allow him, so far as to make his book entirely in your country; but even then you must ask where he is residing and where he was born. In literature the foreigner must still be the enemy, and, on the high sea of the intellect, his property is the common property of the "faithful." But the British author is of your own race and speech and religion; and Algiers never preyed upon Tunis or Tripoli.

All this does not concern me. If my unfortunate lecture had not been quoted to contradict its main object, I should not have said a word. In spite of everything, American literature is advancing—not as the literature of a nation of fifty millions ought to advance, for its discouragements are many, but yet it is advancing, and Canadian printers will every year have more and more of a selection to reprint from. The population of Canada is about four millions, while your population is over fifty millions. We have more of a literature than you suppose; but much of it is French, and the same causes which have retarded your literary growth so long are acting with redoubled force upon ours, so that we shall have nothing to lose in comparison to you. We shall be able to give the people of the United States cheap editions of their own authors upon Canadian paper, as Belgium did for a long time to France, and all your custom-houses cannot keep them out, for the intercourse between Canada and the United States is incessant, and you say the people must and will have cheap books. We shall become public benefactors to that needy nation, and enable the poorest American citizen to nourish his intellect with pure American thought uncontaminated with the monarchism of Europe—free from the influence of deans and canons and dukes and peers and such like people—disturbing to American ideas. What a career you are preparing for the Canadian printers when you oppose the Chace bill.

These and similar considerations formed the staple of my argument in the very pleasant chat I had the honor of having with my St. Louis friend. My poor lecture looked at the question almost solely from a legal aspect, having been prepared eight years ago for a course in a law school; but my argument, even there, was in favor of the present Canadian principle, which exacts only that the book should be printed here, and leaves the tariff to settle the matter of paper and type. The Chace bill goes much further, and, in the interest of the United States people, material as well as intellectual, should become law. I think that in the long run it is expedient to do right, even for a great nation, and that if the United States people continue to inquire into the nationality of the author of a book printed in their own country before granting it the protection of their laws, they will not be, in matters of the intellect, much in advance of the Roman people long before the Christian era, who used the same word, *hostis*, for both enemy and foreigner.

S. E. Dawson.

Montreal, March 3, 1890.

ANTI-AMERICAN BRITISHISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though some time has elapsed since, in your issue No. 1255, you published a letter on "The Reputed Ignorance and Ambition of Americans," I hope you will allow me to return to the subject of it, the story related in that letter having a highly instructive sequel.

According to Sir William Fraser, Gen. Grant, when dining with the late Duke of Wellington, addressed his host in these words: "My Lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case?" But, nearly a hundred pages further on, in the book from which this is taken, we read:

"In an earlier part of this work I told the story of President Grant dining at Apsley House. I regret I asked the second duke what really took place. However, as the reader has had the full enjoyment of the story, I must now, in the interests of truth, state what the Duke told me happened. He said that, during dinner, Gen. Grant kept trying to get him to say what was the greatest number of men that his father had commanded in the field. The Duke added: 'I saw what he was at: if I had said forty or fifty thousand men, he would have replied, Well, I have commanded a hundred thousand. So I was determined not to answer his questions as to this; and I succeeded.'"

Now, if one of our countrymen were to express regret at having taken measures resulting in the discovery that a defamatory anecdote vented by him was baseless, an Englishman would, almost certainly, exclaim: "How very American!" But circumstances are often, with him, all in all. Significant, too, is Sir William Fraser's assumption that a tale injurious to the character of an eminent American is sure to contribute to his British readers' "enjoyment." In his eyes, this kind of "enjoyment" must be, as one sees, a thing which it is patriotically meritorious to pander to, while the choice of instrumentality securing it does not in the least matter, the end justifying the means. Let us look a little closely at what the titled gentleman does. First, by way of ministering to national animosity, a feeling conducive, in his estimation, to "enjoyment," he prints what he apparently knows to be a malicious invention,

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or, bluntly, a lie. Secondly, by and by, when the lie has had time to root itself firmly in the memory of the reader, he talks, just as an honest man would do, about "the interests of truth"; takes back, as being avowedly false, his calumnious story, which he permits us to suspect that he may himself have devised; and substitutes for it something entirely different, its disparagement apart.

As to the late Duke of Wellington, unless he has been misrepresented by his professed colloquist, there must have been a peculiarity about him not much more respectable than Sir William Fraser's sense of historical veracity; but this I am loth to believe; and the succedaneous anecdote quoted above, seeing that the person on whose sole authority it rests has shown his hand, seems to call for no farther comment.

That Gen. Grant was only a vulgar and illiterate soldier I have heard contended by many Englishmen. And no wonder, since, the minutest minority excepted, none of us are here credited with having yet advanced beyond the mere rudiments of education. Not long ago, in my own study, a learned clergyman, on my saying that I was a graduate of Harvard College, remarked: "But, in America, small things are called by large names. Your colleges, no doubt, would rank with our Board Schools. The elements of Latin are taught in them, I suppose, provided you can get over instructors from England?" Nor did this surprise me, considering that I have, more than once, been asked, by those who knew nothing more of me than my nationality, whether I could read and write.

Your obedient servant, F. HALL.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, February 20, 1890.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM-VILLA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just been reading the article on pp. 195-6, entitled "A Suggestion for Summer." I have read it with interest, as I have an earlier one, because it strikes in me a sympathetic chord, and because I know something practically about "living in such conditions as are there outlined." Let me, then, venture to suggest two practical questions, which must be answered satisfactorily in every family which attempts so to live.

(1.) How will you induce one hired girl—not to say "two or three house servants"—to stay in the place described during the three months of each year in question?

(2.) How will you induce a gentleman—and especially his wife—of means sufficient to keep up an establishment on the scale described, to spend more than one night in that "house of seven rooms" on an abandoned farm in New Hampshire or Vermont?

The travel and observation of the writer of the article must suggest the thought that one of the first things the new owner will be sure to do, will be to pull down that farm-house and erect something more tolerable in the eyes of ladies city bred, at a probable cost at least three times the selling value of the whole farm, including the new improvements.

Very truly yours, H. A. HARMAN.

RUTLAND, VT., March 7, 1890.

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for January 23 you printed a letter signed "C.," quoting Mrs. Cotton's tract, wherein she tells Mr. C. H. of Yardley, Northamptonshire, about Col. [John] Washington, "him whom you have sometimes seen at your house." It was inferred that this house was in England, and that this letter connected Col. Washington with Northamptonshire.

I have just done what I should have done before, viz, read Mrs. Cotton's letter throughout. I find she also says to Mr. C. H., on p. 10, that among the rebels killed were "James Wilson, once your servant," Lieut.-Col. Page, "one that my husband bought of Mr. Lee, when he kept store at your house," and Anthony Arnell, "the same that did live at your house." Also, p. 7, she mentions four members of the Council and six other leaders, "all persons with whom you have been formerly acquainted." On p. 4 she says that Nathaniel Bacon was "nearly related to your late wife's father-in-law."

These citations seem to show very strongly that Mr. C. H. had lived in Virginia, and therefore it is probable that it was in this country he met Col. Washington.

As to Mr. C. H. of Yardley—could he be a Harrison? Some coincidences point that way. At all events, the Bacon pedigree ought to be searched. W. H. WHITMORE.

BOSTON, March 7, 1890.

Notes.

LANGUAGE fails us when it comes to characterizing our abominable tariff on knowledge. Here is the third volume of Mr. B. F. Stevens's splendid series of 'Facsimiles of MSS. in European Archives relating to America,' just arrived. The undertaking is one proper for the Government of the United States, and would be an honor to it. In default of its initiative or patronage, how ought the Government—*i. e.*, the people—of this country to regard the patriotic American who takes the risk of the enterprise commercially? Might it not fitly send a national ship for the volumes, if that were needed as a token of its appreciation? On the contrary, it does what it can to exclude them, and to insure Mr. Stevens's failure to recover his outlay. It imposes (except in the case of public libraries) a duty on each portion of the work, and increases for any collector or student the subscription price by one-quarter. There was question whether the 'Facsimiles' might not come in as periodical issues: at home we allow the Pirates' Own libraries to circulate through the mails at periodical rates of postage. But mark the determining consideration: these precious 'Facsimiles' must be somehow enveloped in order to avoid destruction in transit, and they are actually placed in "substantial boxes made of cloth and leather," thus, though they are unstitched, being assimilated to books. Hence the Treasury finds that the true (and we may as well relieve ourselves by saying the infernal) intent of the law is, that a tax should be clapt upon American—not foreign—disinterestedness, devotion, arduous application, skill, scholarly research, and popular knowledge of the history of these United States.

At the same time we receive from a London firm an inquiry how to send to this journal the catalogue of an important English library without making us chargeable with the duty. We are obliged to reply, with shame, that we know of no way, though the work has of course no commercial value, is beyond the dreams of American pirates or the jealousy of American paper-makers, type-founders, printers, and publishers. We could add that, as a critical journal, we are constantly in receipt of foreign works for review, on which we regularly pay a tax according to the caprice of the postal customs; yet it is only by our examining and reporting upon such works that our public can (for the most part) learn of their existence and value. We can give still another instance, of a different class, within our cognizance, where the son of an eminent American was obliged to pay a paltry tax on a volume bestowed by a foreign author by way of homage to his ancestor.

The sixth publication of the Filson Club, whose publishers are John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky., is announced to be 'The Political Beginnings of Kentucky,' by the late John Mason Brown.

The Dunlap Society, now four years old, announces that it proposes to issue this season the third part of Mr. William Winter's 'Brief Chronicles'; a brief biography of the late John Gilbert, with extracts from his autobiography and letters, to be prepared also by Mr. Winter; and the 'Occasional Addresses of the American Stage,' to be edited by Mr. Laurence Hutton and Mr. William Carey, and to be supplementary to Mr. Hutton's former collection of 'Opening Addresses.' These books are to be printed by De Vinne in limited editions of less than two hundred, and are not for sale. They will be forwarded, when ready, to any one who pays the annual subscription of five dollars. The Secretary of the Dunlap Society is Mr. Brander Matthews, No. 121 East Eighteenth Street, New York, to whom subscriptions should be forwarded.

Those interested in the French stage will be glad to hear that a new and complete edition is in preparation of the works of the late Émile Augier, and also that M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, is collecting his scattered writings of recent date to form a fourth volume of 'Entr'actes' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern). M. Dumas once threatened to publish the plays of others which he had revised and made profitable—"Le Supplice d'une Femme," "Les Danicheff," etc.—under the title of "Le Théâtre des Autres"; but of this there is as yet no announcement.

Prof. Perrin, formerly of Göttingen and now of Boston University, is engaged upon an English translation of Heinrich von Sybel's 'History of the Founding of the German Empire by Wilhelm I.' It will be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

'Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States,' a memoir by his wife, is to be published, by subscription, by Belford Co., New York.

Harper & Brothers will shortly issue 'Maria: A South American Romance,' by Jorge Isaacs, translated by Rollo Ogden; 'What I Remember,' a second volume by T. Adolphus Trollope, covering the period 1865–1889; and 'Two Years in the French West Indies,' by Lafcadio Hearn.

'Easter Gleams,' hymns and poems, by Lucy Larcom; 'In a Club Corner,' by A. P. Russell; and 'Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands,' by Mrs. F. Sinclair, with forty-four water-color plates, are in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

John Wiley & Sons announce as in preparation a translation, by Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Sadi-Carnot's 'Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat'; 'Sugar Analysis,' by F. G. Weichmann; and 'The Logic of Algebra,' by Ellery W. Davis.

A handy 'Medical Dictionary,' by George M. Gould, M.D., will be published directly by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, a small octavo of 520 pages.

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The February number of the *Library Journal* enumerates a long list of bibliographies on the way to completion before the new century —like Sabin's 'Dictionary of Books Relating to America,' with its promised index volume—and the following much nearer to getting into print: a list of bibliographies on all subjects, by J. L. Whitney of the Boston Public Library; a list and index to the printed volumes of our historical societies, by A. P. C. Griffin of the same library; a list of New York imprints before 1784, by C. R. Hildeburn; another of North Carolina imprints before 1800, by Dr. S. B. Weeks; a bibliography of New Jersey by W. R. Weeks; a list of books relating to State constitutions and conventions, by J. R. Hickox; a bibliography of the United States Constitution, by Prof. A. B. Hart and Paul Leicester Ford; a list, by the American Historical Association, of the historical writings of its members, etc., etc.

Miss Coe, the librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, contributes to the tenth annual report some very interesting lists of favorite reading, as, for example, that of fiction, where 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' leads all competitors in the main library as well as in the three branches. Miss Coe says: "It will be noticed that in most cases the favorite book of a class or of an author is a representative one. Specially is that noticeable in the list of the Ottendorfer Library, where it is evident that Americans of foreign birth or parentage are reading the best, or, at least, best known books in American literature, and that American history, biography, and miscellany are taking the lead. It is certain that Germans read better books than Americans, and boys than girls."

Mr. J. R. Hickox, in his Monthly Catalogue of United States Government Publications, criticises bills introduced by Senators Wilson and Hoar for the distribution of the United States Statutes, the *Congressional Record*, and other public documents. He thinks the designation of libraries should not be confided to Congress, but to the Department of the Interior.

At its meeting in St. Louis last May, the new Association of State Librarians passed a series of resolutions for the improvement, right conduct, and ample support of State libraries, the regulated distribution of public documents, the exchange of duplicates, etc., as well as for assistance from Congress in the direction of free exchange through the mails, lower postage on books, and exemption for State libraries from duties on books imported. These resolutions commend themselves to every intelligent person.

Ten years ago the libraries of the Legislature and the Historical Society of Nova Scotia were amalgamated, and a burried catalogue of the joint collection has just been published, with omission of the pamphlets. It affords a somewhat curious study of what we may call drift in this continental "pocket." Among the newspaper files, but two are from "the States," viz., one year of the *New England Weekly Journal*, published in Boston (1727–1728), and one of the New York *Spirit of the Age* (1859). Among the individual biographies only fifteen are of natives of the United States, counting Lord Lyndhurst and the Loyalist Curwen. The rest are Channing, Choate, Franklin, Abbott and Amos Lawrence, R. E. Lee, Longfellow, W. H. Prescott, Bishop Seabury, Ticknor, Washington, and a missionary family. The fortuitous group of our histories is equally curious and antiquated.

The latest edition of Gay's Fables is published in connection with the "Chandos Series" (Frederick Warne & Co.). An ardent Devonshire collector, Mr. W. H. Kearley Wright, borough librarian, Plymouth, produces a new biographical sketch of Gay which for the first time gives the true date of Gay's birth, viz., 1685, and likewise takes advantage of the bicentenary celebration at Barnstaple in 1885, two years after Mr. Austin Dobson had edited the Fables for the "Parchment Library." Mr. Wright also adds a completer bibliography of the oft-reprinted work than has ever been attempted—considerably fuller than the editions named in the British Museum Catalogue. Numerous illustrations, reëngraved from William Harvey's drawings of two or three generations back, embellish the present edition, which is clearly printed in large type and is altogether presentable. Mr. Wright's literary execution falls short of Mr. Dobson's, but he seems to be reserving himself for a longer biography of Gay.

A timely little book on 'Eggs: Facts and Fancies about Them,' by Anna Barrows (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.), leads the reader insensibly through egg-lore and commercial statistics to consideration of eggs as medicine and as food, with recipes for preserving and for cooking in a great many forms; the author's aim being to promote the consumption of this article of diet, and even the raising of eggs for market by women.

The first volume of the Messrs. Longman's *New Review* is very handsome, its single-column page masking the magazine. The list of contributors is not lacking in stars, from Gladstone to Bret Harte, from Cardinal Manning to George Jacob Holyoake, from Max Müller to Vámbéry, from Henry James to Lord Randolph Churchill, from Pasteur to Tennyson. The symposium has been employed for such debatable topics as the character of the German Emperor, the great London strike, the new Radicalism, the South African problem, the progress of coöperation, anonymity, etc., etc. Tennyson's "Throstle" is, we believe, the only verse of the volume.

The Syracuse *Academy* for February is wholly occupied with the official report of the fifth holiday conference of the Associated Academic Principals of the State of New York on December 26 and 27, 1889.

Meteorology is a favorite subject for loose theorizing. *Science* is very liberal in giving five and a half pages to an unconsciously humorous effort by Frank A. Velschow to explain the "Cause of Rain." The *American Meteorological Journal* has, with equal liberality, devoted parts of several recent issues to a series of articles on cyclones by Faye, "Membre de l'Institut, etc.," with more yet to follow on tornadoes. They serve as illustrations of the ancient school of meteorology, but they have small bearing on the modern status of the science.

A copy of the better of two etchings of George Eliot made by Rajon is given in the *Studio* for March 1, in which we remark also Mr. Edward Robinson's comments on a bust of Tiberius in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, likewise pictured here.

"The Ethnography of the Peloponnesus," by Dr. A. Philippson, is the principal paper in the last *Petermann's Mitteilungen*. In the accompanying map, so colored as to show the different nationalities and the language of the inhabitants, it is surprising to note how very considerable a part of the peninsula is inhabited by Albanians, or those who speak the Albanian tongue. Prof. G. Schweinfurth contributes a review of Mr. Flinders Petrie's work in the Fayum, Egypt. He criticises with some severity his lack of proper preparation and the careless manner in which the various excavations were conducted, in consequence of which great quantities of valuable material were lost or destroyed. In this number is the first part of a bibliography with notices of the most recent works and articles in the leading periodicals upon Africa. An idea may be obtained of the amount of literature on this subject from the fact that, though only the general works and those relating to the continent north of the Equator are given, 292 different titles are recorded. Some of the most important of these are the first volume of Dr. Junker's account of his travels between the years 1875 and 1886, Capt. Wissmann's journeys in the Congo Basin and across the continent, Gen. Faidherbe's 'Senegal,' and the third and concluding volume of the late Gustav Nachtigal's great work on the Sahara and the Sudan.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for February contains papers by Prof. James Geikie on the "Evolution of Climate," accompanied by several geological maps, and by Mr. H. J. Mackinder on the "Physical Basis of Political Geography." There is also an interesting account of a recent journey in northwestern Persia by Mr. J. Theodore Bent. Many of the nomad tribes of this region live with their flocks in underground houses during the winter months, just as their ancestors did in the days of Xenophon. "They are detected only by mud domes with holes at the top, over which the road passes, and at the top of which the village life is carried on. Not unfrequently accidents happen, and a donkey or horse descends through the ceiling on to the family below." In other places these subterranean habitations have slanting roofs, appearing above ground, made of thatch. At Baba Nazeyr Mr. Bent found a religious sect having rites which "contain many elements of Christianity." He suggests that they are "one of the decayed Christian sects of this region, who, to avoid persecution, have substituted the name of Ali for that of Christ." Mr. Delmar Morgan contributes a biographical notice of Sir Henry Yule, with a list of his writings, and a portrait.

The Hon. Geo. Curzon, M.P., has written to the London *Times* an account of the Karun River, which was opened to commerce in October, 1888, through the instrumentality of the British Minister at Teheran. This stream, the only navigable river in Persia, can be ascended by vessels of light draught from the Persian Gulf a distance of 177 miles to Ahwaz, where there are rapids which can only be passed at certain stages of the water. From this point the river is navigable for 100 miles to Shuster, an important town whence caravan routes go to different parts of the kingdom. Great expectations were aroused at this concession of the Shah, both because the river flows through a country which, though now almost without inhabitants and destitute of vegetation, is of extraordinary fertility, and because the land journey to Ispahan and Teheran may be shortened nearly three hundred miles. Mr. Curzon, however, found that the local authorities had hitherto prevented the commercial development of the privilege. An English company had put a boat upon the river which makes fortnightly trips to Ahwaz, though at a steady loss. It has not been permitted to construct either wharves, warehouses, or sheds, nor is the steamer allowed to take in or discharge either cargo or passengers at any intermediate point between the mouth of the river and Ahwaz. The opposition comes from all classes. Still, the Government has built a large custom-house at Mohammerah, at the junction of the Karun with the estuary of the Tigris-Eu-

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phrates, and is running a telegraph line between this place and Shuster.

A long extract from Col. Stoffel's pamphlet, 'The Possibility of a Franco-German Alliance,' of which our Paris correspondent speaks on another page, is given in the enterprising Boston *Transatlantic* for March 1. Robert Browning's is the portrait of the number.

—We lately noticed a remark attributed to Mr. Spofford, librarian of the National Library at Washington, to the effect that his colored readers (a superior class) eschewed fiction for works of a serious and improving character. A correspondent writes to us from North Carolina that this is not at all remarkable, but a wise and beautiful dispensation of Providence, seeing that the available fiction "excludes their own race type." She adds that "a chaste and fitting fiction for the African must grow out of his own civilization and social progress." In view of the prevailing taste among white Americans for French and Russian novels and Danish plays, and of the continued wide circulation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' together with fresh productions involving the colored American's "race type" by Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Miss Murfree, and other Southern writers, we do not profess to be able to follow our correspondent's argument. She may, however, be interested in proof that the colored people formerly indulged in fiction regardless of race types. In the perhaps sole contribution of John Brown to periodical literature, "Sambo's Mistakes," published about 1848 in the (colored) *Ram's Horn*, we find the following passage. Sambo *loquitur:*

"For instance, when I was a boy I learned to read; but instead of giving my attention to sacred and profane history, by which I might have become acquainted with the true character of God and of man; learned the true course for individuals, societies, and nations to pursue; stored my mind with an endless variety of rational and practical ideas; profited by the experience of millions of others of all ages; fitted myself for the most important stations in life, and fortified my mind with the best and wisest resolutions, and noblest sentiments and motives, I have spent my whole life devouring silly novels and other miserable trash, such as most newspapers of the day and other popular writings are filled with; thereby unfitting myself for the realities of life, and acquiring a taste for nonsense and low wit, so that I have no relish for sober truth, useful knowledge, or practical wisdom. By this means I have passed through life without profit to myself or others, a mere blank on which nothing worth perusing is written."

—We gave, last year, at the time of the setting up of the tablets in memory of the slain of Bunker Hill, some account of this undertaking on the part of the city of Boston. Out of it has grown a bulky 'Memorial of the American Patriots who fell at the Battle of Bunker Hill,' issued as a city document in elegant form, with admirable illustrations from nature, old prints, and old maps. It first records the official acts and proceedings relating to the preparation and dedication of the tablets, following these with an anniversary sermon, and then coming to the real historic kernel of the book in a series of appendices which we owe to the zeal and antiquarian learning of Mr. William H. Whitmore. Here the order is an abbreviated sketch of the battle, a list of the Americans killed, English opinion of the Colonial troops (particularly Burgoyne's opinion), and a history of the erection of the monument, with Webster's two orations (1825, 1843). A curious completeness is given to all this by reproducing the Revolutionary army regulations, with contemporary illustrations of the manual exercise. Mr. Whitmore observes in passing that he is informed, by high authority, "that portions of Steuben's rules still stand unchanged in the present United States Manual." A political souvenir of no little interest is the view of the cavalcade of the Whig Convention of 1840 as it passed the half-finished monument, from an engraving preserved on a musical composition of the time. Noteworthy, too, is the panorama of Boston and its environs. Since the tablets were erected, one error in company assignment and five omissions have been discovered, as is duly set forth by Mr. Whitmore. This important work should have a wide distribution among our public libraries.

—Students of the Elizabethan drama will gladly welcome the appearance of Marlowe's "Faustus" in a worthy shape ('Doctor Faustus: Historisch-kritische Ausgabe, von Hermann Breymann.' Heilbronn: Henninger, 1889). For the first time we have verbatim reprints of the texts of 1604 and 1616, with variants from other texts. One feature of Breymann's method we cannot approve. He has altered the quarto-texts where they offer "absoluter Unsinn oder andere, offenbare Verderbniss," marking the alteration by * or [], and giving the original form in the footnote. This we deem a faulty method, and all the more faulty because purely gratuitous. Why not have given the original in every instance, blunder and all, literatim, leaving the reader to make his own emendations, or merely suggesting them in the notes? The use of * or [] in the text only puzzles the eye. It would also have been better to print the list of abbreviations on p. lv. at the beginning of the Introduction. On the page indicated, Ward's second edition of "Faustus" is correctly dated 1887. In the Table of Contents and at p. xli. it is cited as of 1881 (with a ?). The heading *Einzelausgaben* (p. xli.) is misleading; what Breymann means is not separate editions of the drama, but editions (or publications) not in Marlowe's collected works. The Introduction discusses almost exhaustively the bibliography of "Faustus," and other textual matters. Especially interesting is the discussion (pp. viii.–xv.) of the edition of 1611 and 1663, and the discovery that Collier's alleged copy of 1611 is only a copy of 1663 with the date 1611 *written* on the title - page! Those conversant with Collier's idiosyncrasies will know what that implies. In Breymann's discussion of the relations between Marlowe and the German Faust - book we miss all reference to Pantin's letter in the *Academy* of June 25, 1887. Pantin's view does not differ essentially from that of Zarncke-Breymann; but it has the merit of citing half-a-dozen passages where Marlowe follows closely the variations of the English translation of the Faust-book. Taken all in all, Breymann's edition of "Faustus" is a great boon; we can only thank the editor for his patient zeal.

— The new Weimar edition of Goethe (New York: Westermann) has been making fair progress since our last reference to it, though there is little in the latest volumes which seems to call for extended comment. Volumes vi. and vii. of Part I. are devoted to the "West-Östlicher Divan," the former giving the text and variants, the latter the exegetical matter published by Goethe himself in 1819 under the name of 'Noten und Abhandlungen.' The large amount of manuscript material that had to be collated makes the critical apparatus of the "Divan" more bulky than that of any of the other works except "Faust." We note that seven in all of the Suleika poems of book viii. are credited by the Weimar editor, either positively or doubtfully, in whole or in part, to Marianne Willemer. Volume viii. contains "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Egmont," the former in the edition of 1773, the earlier version of 1771 and the stage version of 1804 being reserved for a subsequent volume. In volume x. we have the three iambic plays, "Iphigenie," "Torquato Tasso," and "Die Natürliche Tochter," while volumes xxvi. and xxvii. give us the first ten books of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' It is to be hoped that the authority of the Weimar edition will have some influence in popularizing the correct title of Goethe's memoirs as against Riemer's unlucky emendation, 'Wahrheit und Dichtung.' Riemer says ('Mittheilungen über Goethe,' i., 397) that he made this suggestion on grounds of euphony (he liked the collocation "und *D*ichtung"), and because he wanted to counteract the misconception that the work was primarily fiction, with but a sprinkling of truth. He tells us, too, that his emendation was received by Goethe "with approval." It is clear, however, that this approval cannot have been very decided, since the "Ausgabe letzter Hand" has, like all the preceding prints, "Dichtung und Wahrheit." It would seem clear, therefore, that this title is not only the one originally chosen by Goethe, but is also the one preferred by him upon reflection. That the form of the title gives us any far-reaching information as to the relative prominence of the "poetry" and the "truth" in the book, no sensible person would now contend; still, it is well to remember that Goethe did actually put the "poetry" first. One of the merits of the Weimar edition is that it will enable the reader to distinguish between Goethe on the one hand and his coadjutors—editors, printers, and proof-readers—on the other. The other volumes thus far received are volume iii. of Part III., containing Goethe's diaries from 1801 to 1808, and volumes iv. and v. of Part IV., containing letters from 1779 to 1782.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

Individualism: A System of Politics. By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Free Trade in Capital. By A. Egmont Hake and O. E. Wesslau. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Socialism in England. By Sidney Webb. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

Fabian Essays in Socialism. Edited by G. Bernard Shaw. London: The Fabian Society. 1889.

Humanitism. By W. A. Macdonald. London: Trübner & Co. 1890.

THERE is a good deal of vigor in Mr. Donisthorpe's book. Many of the criticisms are keen, many irrelevant, but they are all spirited. Like some of the ancient philosophers mentioned by Plato, the author goes on his way without caring very much whether his auditors follow him or not, and he is certainly no respecter of persons. He corrects Smith, McCulloch, Mill, Spencer, and many lesser writers with the same positiveness and in the same superior tone. So confident is he in his own political economy that he concedes substantially all that the Socialists complain of, although he denies them their remedy. He declares that he has "grounds for believing that the employer pockets *more than half* the workmen's just share" of the product of their joint labor. This plunder amounts in England to about £375,000,000 per annum, which is certainly a sufficient iniquity to justify the wildest of socialistic outcries. But, according to Mr. Donisthorpe, the whole trouble is with the present system of paying wages fixed in advance. It is only necessary to substitute for

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wages "a certain prearranged percentage of the gross produce" in order to attain justice. Then "the receipts of the hands would vary, like the profits of other capitalists, with the success of the venture and the state of trade." It is not important to state the advantages which the author conceives will follow from this change; nor is it worth while to suggest objections to an author who meets them by saying that he does not believe them. We fear that his attempts to promote the cause of individualism will only excite the ribald mirth of its opponents.

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget."

'Free Trade in Capital' is much more conventional in tone, and contains a number of sensible observations. The introductory chapters are especially judicious. But the reader has hardly settled himself to enjoy a really scientific discussion of money, currency, and banking, when he becomes conscious of the buzzing of a bee in the authors' bonnet. A very good case may be made against the prohibition by Government of the issuance of promissory notes payable to bearer on demand, but to attribute all the evils that afflict society in England to Peel's Act of 1844, is ridiculous. Hence, the authors say, the divorce of capital and labor; hence the destruction of profits; hence the sweating system; hence the threatening growth of Socialism and the horrors of the Irish question. The abuse of free note-issuing is, they declare, an economic impossibility. Only let it be established, and every one that needs to use capital will be able to obtain it; obscure talents will be brought forward, enterprise stimulated, and universal prosperity follow. There is no confusion, we ought to state, of money and capital. The authors are not guilty of the folly of supposing that anything is to be gained by increasing the quantity of money used in trade; but they conceive that if note-issuing were general, credit would be obtained by those who ought to have it, but who cannot now get it. Unfortunately, they derive scarcely a single argument from experience, and as they warm to their work their assertions become more and more extravagant. Without positive proof to the contrary, we shall continue to believe that even at present more people get credit than deserve it, and that if note-issuing were free, the number would be increased. The attacks upon national education, the factory acts, and Socialism in general are in the main irrelevant, and, as they are unsupported by argument, only add to the futility of the book. It is a pity that its wise suggestions should be drowned in a sea of absurdities.

To read many of the diatribes against Socialism with which the English press teems is like listening to the screams of frightened old women, and almost creates a prepossession in favor of the Socialists. But this feeling is very soon altered by the perusal of their writings. They have advanced far beyond the half-hearted measures of Henry George, and will have nothing short of a confiscation of capital as well as land. So intoxicated have they become with their theories that they imagine them already realized, and, like Alnaschar the glass-vendor, in the 'Arabian Nights,' they dream that they are spurning the great ones of the earth as they are prostrate in supplication at their feet. The red cap appears, the sansculottes gather, and "Ça ira" rings once more in the air. The era of universal fraternity has arrived, primitive virtue is restored, and the way is open to the guillotine, the Goddess of Reason, and the Carmagnole.

Even now discordant notes are heard, and there are signs that human nature is only imperfectly purified. So close at hand is the division of the spoil that the army begins to flag in its pursuit of the enemy and to quarrel over the camp equipage. Some would put the prisoners to the sword, others hold them for ransom. Some are for having Government undertake everything, some for having no Government at all. The latter—the Anarchists—are characterized in one of these essays as being too good for this world, an opinion in which Chicago juries practically concur. Harsher terms than these, however, begin to be used, and it is obvious that unless discipline can be maintained, the prey may after all escape. No pirate ship ever had a successful cruise without union among the crew, and honor is indispensable, to a certain extent, even among thieves. It is not very easy to determine what Socialists understand by justice; but they will find it impossible to accomplish anything without maintaining some inflexible rule in dividing their plunder. Their essayists might wisely inculcate among their followers the simple morality of the Cornish clergyman who, when a wreck was announced as he was preaching, and the congregation bolted for the door, entreated them to give him time to doff his surplice and get down from the pulpit, so that they might all start together.

In 'Humanitism' we have quite the most consistent, complete, and altogether satisfactory scheme for the reformation of society which we have hitherto met with. Most of these plans do not go far enough, so that the majority of mankind reject them because they are apprehensive that the thing will have to be done over again. Thus the land-reformers affirm that perfect justice was attained under the early Teutonic village system, and that all subsequent changes have been corruptions, but, as we have seen, these land-reformers are already behind the times. Mr. Macdonald has observed the cause of this weakness and avoided the danger. The ideal State is to be found, not in the Mark, nor among the cave-dwellers, but among our simian ancestors. There was the true Garden of Eden, and human ills came in, not from eating apples—which, as we understand the author's theory, is an act of meritorious character—but from eating flesh and cooked food. If we can ascertain the natural food of the ape, we determine the best food for man, for his structure is substantially identical with that of the ape, and if we cannot adopt this diet, we are doomed to extinction. This natural food is, of course, seeds and fruits.

As the author observes, it is unfortunate that there are two schools of vegetarians, the chemical school and the biological school, the former of which, in most unprincipled fashion, alleges that its disciples are "moral vegetarians," although "the products of the cow and the hen are found in their bills of fare." But if these products be rejected, as they ought to be, the difference between the schools becomes practically immaterial, as the amount of land required by each would be the same. The individual ration is scientifically determined to be two ounces of shelled nuts, thirty-two ounces of fruit, and thirty ounces of grain—all of which are of course to be consumed uncooked and unground. Dried fruit may be used in case of emergency, but "dietetic perfection cannot be attained until nothing is drunk except fruits." It is computed that three acres of land will produce sufficient food of this kind for five persons, so that the present population of the United Kingdom could probably be supported upon one-fourth of its area. If this population subsisted on meat, it would require an area twenty times as great. No one can say that over-population is not easily preventable after this showing, especially since the basis of the land system of the apes is communal ownership.

From this vantage ground the refutation of the Socialists is easy. They are endeavoring to perpetuate "economicism" and "politicism," regardless of the fact that "the people build the nation, and the State is the author of its destruction." Labor destroys values instead of creating them; economic values are created by the destruction of scientific values. As manual labor can never be performed without robbing posterity, it is plain that the Socialistic millennium is only an aggravation of the present ills. As the individualistic system has committed suicide, the way seems to be open for a return to the happy condition of uncivilized man, by which we may escape from "the immoral tendency adhering to the development of all abstract conceptions."

Some hasty objector may raise the point that there are necessities of man which are not satisfied by nuts and fruit, but the author is ready for him. Our ancestors "had no conception of clothing, and their only sources of heat were food-combustion within—and the rays of the sun without." Two other elements of warmth were subsequently discovered, fire and clothing,

"both of which are unnatural, and must be consigned to the same category as the art of cookery. Clothing tends to destroy the functions of the skin in the same way as cooked foods tend to destroy the functions of our teeth, jaws, and internal organs, and can never take the place of the natural covering of hair. . . . The bodies of many civilized people would still be densely coated with hair were it not partially worn off by the friction of their clothing. . . . The wearing of clothes has been the source of more immorality and crime than all other habits combined."

We regret extremely that the squeamishness "adhering to the development" of our civilization, does not permit us to quote more liberally from this new Teufelsdröckh in his denunciations of the "shame idea." Nor does space allow us to explain how clothing and hot food check the "vito-electric current," or to expound the fascinating theory of "chronops"—as to which word we feel sure the author is right in contending that "the accent may rest on the first or second syllable, or both." And it is certainly more reverential to the new divinity "Mellos" and the religion "Melloism" to say nothing rather than to speak inadequately of them. But for the details of the author's theory, both on these points and on many others of equal interest to which we have been unable to allude, the reader must go to the book itself. The Messrs. Trübner have certainly made a new departure in admitting this work to the list of their publications.

RECENT FICTION.

Jupiter Lights. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros.

The Master of Ballantrae. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Metzerott, Shoemaker. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A Little Journey in the World. By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Bros.

Sforza. A Story of Milan. By William Waldorf Astor. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Romance of Dollard. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The Century Co.

Alexia. By Mary Abbott. Chicago; A. C, McClurg & Co.

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The Catholic Man. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Miss Woolson must have been dominated by an evil spirit when she conceived the central situation of 'Jupiter Lights.' It is more easy to believe that she was "possessed" than that she deliberately chose to write a long novel about the stupid and obstinate attachment of a silly woman for a man who, every few months, became insanely drunk, beat her, turned her out of doors, and tried to kill both her and her child. In real life we occasionally hear of such instances of infatuation, but never that the fascination which men of Mr. Morrison's unpleasant habits exercise over their wives extends to other people, particularly to the wife's relations. In real life the wife's relations are generally coarse enough to combat her clinging affections, and, when possible, to deliver the husband over to the police. Such matter-of-fact behavior would, however, never do for high-flown romance. Miss Woolson's Mr. Morrison casts his spell upon his wife's grandfather, a Southern judge, upon her maiden aunt, and all but captures his natural enemy, Miss Bruce, the sister of Mrs. Morrison's first husband. His own relations and friends have been his bond slaves from his birth.

Excepting frequent references to his physical beauty, no clue to the secret of his charm is discoverable. He appears in person very seldom, and is prominent in one scene only. In this scene, armed with a knife, he is chasing his wife, Cicely, the child, and Miss Bruce across a plantation, in the middle of the night, intent upon killing any or all of them. Here he is so far from charming that we fervently hope the shot fired by Miss Bruce may have ended him. On the contrary, it does no one less harm than Mr. Morrison. He is picked up carefully and cherished as a martyr to the gratuitous malice of unknown negroes.

Miss Bruce herself is the person who suffers for a deed which was justifiable and courageous. By her presence of mind she saves the exasperating Cicely, and effects her escape from the island in the South where the charming Morrison is temporarily practising his art of enchantment. Her behavior in this emergency is consistent with the preconceived idea of her character, but, from that moment, she goes to pieces, and rivals Cicely in excess of folly. When the reason for Cicely's flight is explained to her grandfather, in Charleston, and to Mr. Morrison's half-brother, from whom, on the distant shore of Lake Superior, she demands protection, Miss Bruce says not a word about the pistol shot. She is represented as the victim of a remorseful terror which might be felt by a sentimental or religious woman—a woman who, in any case, would not have checked so promptly the pursuing Morrison. Even when Morrison is pronounced out of danger, when his brother, his fond wife, and her grandfather, the Judge, are all foaming with wrath against wanton negro outrages, Miss Bruce conceals the truth and suffers agony in reflecting on her crime. She seems to lose every atom of her intelligence and self-control, for, in addition to scourging herself for imaginary sin, she falls violently in love with Morrison's half-brother, Mr. Tenant, who is barely civil to her, and her passion sweeps her into a declaration.

All this is sheer romantic nonsense, and in every problem of conduct the people involved are as nearly irrational as possible. Their misunderstandings and their false way of looking at facts are so exasperating that there is danger of overlooking what is worth telling and well told, of including all in a sweeping condemnation. Miss Woolson is very familiar with the country round about the Jupiter Lights of the North and of the South, and with the people who dwell there. Her description of scene and local character is the straightforward expression of close and sympathetic observation. By dwelling upon these pictures the reader may soothe his indignation against the preposterous people struggling in a sea of self-inflicted trouble.

The charm ascribed by Mr. Stevenson to the 'Master of Ballantrae' is, for the first half of the story, almost as inscrutable as that of Miss Woolson's Mr. Morrison. The power exercised by him over his family is not felt emotionally, nor understood intellectually. He is selfish, sullen, treacherous, unscrupulous, malignantly vindictive, with no appreciable virtue excepting physical courage. Not until the story is well advanced, until the Master has driven his long-suffering brother to America, and come back to Durrisdeer to torment the faithful Mackellar, do we begin to recognize qualities which might command devotion even from those who hated and feared him. Henceforth to the end, though he is none the less detestable, and gives free rein to all the evil in his nature, the frankness of his impudence, the humor of his malice, and the ingenuity of his devices to accomplish his aims, all go far to proclaim a personality bound to work its will on weaker and on better men. He is the incarnation of force that makes for evil. Wherever he goes (and after the fatal field of Culloden he roams the world over), his path is marked by the material or moral ruin of those who balk his desire.

Yet the wickedest thing he does is probably unintentional, for, though one of the chief joys of his existence is to torment his brother, Henry Duree, he could never have foreseen the destruction of Henry's moral fibre which is brought about by his incessant persecution. Nature gave Henry none of the Master's brilliancy and none of his depravity. He is slow, honest, patient—with the Master, angelically patient. He, the faithful son and devoted husband, accepts without open resentment the second place in the affections of father and wife, and tolerates without rebuke their unconcealed adoration of their vagrant and worthless idol. Yet the Master's deviltry is always slowly, steadily eating out the heart of Henry's virtue. His patience is gradually exhausted, his intense family pride is shattered, his heart and soul are convulsed with hatred of the man who has made his life a long bitterness. At last this hatred, completely possessing him, becomes insanity, and is responsible for the scheme to murder his enemy which results fatally for both. The subtlest work in the book is in this sorrowful picture of the insidious vitiation of a just and tolerably righteous man.

It is, indeed, the only work which entitles the 'Master of Ballantrae' to rank with the author's best. As a story of adventure almost any one of his well-known books is better. Mackellar, the steward of the Durees, tells his tale awkwardly. He tells what he has heard, what he has found in written record, what he has seen and experienced. His method compares unfavorably with that of swift, direct narrative to which Mr. Stevenson has accustomed us. Then the Master's career is really fatiguingly erratic, a trifle incoherent, not steadily and increasingly exciting. As for the trick by which he is removed from earth, it is the trick of a literary juggler as well as of an Indian juggler. It is a tawdry catastrophe, infecting the whole story with its artificiality.

There is an impression abroad that life for the multitude is just now a most dolorous business, that there is no joy anywhere excepting that, of fiendish quality, which abides exclusively in the breast of the great capitalist who has earned bliss by defrauding and oppressing his fellow-men. Whether the impression has any solid foundation or not, it is extremely useful to novelists who understand the commercial advantages of timely writing. Their zeal in setting forth the wrongs and woes of one class for which another class is responsible is already reaping its reward. The novel-reader feels that he is being educated to higher things, and may even flatter himself that his sympathy is equivalent to efforts to alleviate the sorrows for which his heart bleeds and his tears fall. 'Metzerott, Shoemaker,' is a strong and thoughtful specimen of the timely novel. It may have been suggested by that now famous vision of Arcadia, 'Looking Backward,' but it is in no sense an imitation or an echo. Mr. Bellamy describes a society from which injustice and poverty have long been eliminated, a state of things that leaves nothing to be desired, excepting the spice of variety, by the wicked. He even guards against the survival of that unholy yearning by showing ingeniously that the wicked must of necessity vanish from the earth with the poor. The author of 'Metzerott' is not a dreamer. She attacks existing conditions and only points the way to Arcadia. For our political and social instruction, she has modestly restricted herself to the primer, the A B C of a new idea. The one essential difference between her scheme for establishing Paradise on earth and Mr. Bellamy's is, that she makes faith in Christ and prayer equal factors with work and human intelligence. In her vision of the future, man is made perfect by practice of Christian ethics and belief in Christian dogma. Novelists have been so busy of late trimming and adjusting Christianity into conformity with the supposed demands of developed intellect, that it is refreshing to come across one who, without bitterness or bigotry, flies the flag of the ancient faith, armed to defend it, scorning surrender, and rejecting compromise.

The author separates Christianity from creed idolatry very clearly, and her own spirit is perfectly impartial, but the kingdom of Christ will surely have come in the fulness of power when one city can boast of a group of clergymen so tolerant, so charitable, so amenable to persuasion as that of Micklegard. The idealized clergymen are, however, far from objectionable—on the contrary, most attractive when most extravagantly idealized: that is, when they are talking to and at each other in a clear, crisp, direct way, avoiding phrases which suggest the cant of the cloth. One feels that the cleverness of the clergy is really the author's, while that of the other people is individualized, as indisputably personal property as is the nose on each face. The distinct characterization of a great many men and women of widely contrasted disposition and condition shows that the author is as good a novelist as if she had never given a thought to any subject half so serious as those bestowed on the art of writing a novel. The plot, too, denotes that she is first of all a story-teller. It is very firmly constructed, and implies from the beginning a tragic dénouement. The skill and power expended on the story will have reward in the appreciation of all who read it, and if by reading one sceptic should be returned to the fold of the faithful, one capitalist converted into a Socialist, let the story-teller, not the controversialist or political reformer, take to herself the credit of victory.

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Mr. Warner is a bold man and brave. 'A Little Journey in the World' is, we think, his first novel, and instead of feeling his way with artists and writers and all the humble lot, he rushes right at the biggest man in the field, the railroad "wrecker," the "corner smasher," the mystical creator of unrighteous trusts. Success justifies experiment, and it may be said at once that Mr. Warner's novel is an unqualified success. The first chapters are the work of a brilliant, humorous, gently satirical essayist rather than of a practised writer of fiction, but once he has his Margaret, the flower of New England's intellectuality, married to Henderson, the forced blossom of New York's materialism, once he has launched her in the world, the story goes, and goes splendidly, to the end. There is a tolerance that condones iniquity and a tolerance that condemns it more strenuously than does scornful censure. Mr. Warner's tolerance is of the latter sort. One of the beautiful qualities of his work is kind and thoughtful charity, never verging upon sentimental or deliberate moral obliquity. No one can make a mistake about his private opinion of Henderson and his pal, Uncle Jerry, and of their methods of amassing wealth. This assurance has no direct expression of judgment for foundation, but is an inevitable inference from the history of the struggles and triumphs of that genial pair.

Mr. Warner gives himself many opportunities to be dramatic or harrowing in a commonplace way, but resolutely rejects them all. No vengeance, swift or tardy, overtakes the relentless "operators." Margaret Henderson does not discover too late that she loves the worthy though priggish English Earl and give way to introspective agonies. More remarkable still, the New England conscience does not vanquish Satan in the guise of worldly pleasure and power; and its suggestions that he should "get behind" are faint and far between. Mr. Warner does not stand in awe of the New England conscience. He treats it with no more respect than if it were the common, generally distributed conscience, just as likely to succumb as not when pressed by the lusts of the world and the pride of life. The gradual extinction of Margaret's conscience, the easy, natural falling away from joy in the simple life of her girlhood, with its high thinking and unselfish doing, are depicted with unflinching truth, yet with rare tenderness. In cold reason she is no object for pity. She was lucky enough to have a choice in life, and she chose the sensuous delight of material luxury—chose it, absorbed herself in it, and came to be a more conscienceless worldling than the frankly earthy Carmen, who had never pretended to "care for things of the mind," nor, indeed, had any opportunity to soar. But judgment of an individual formed exclusively by the light of cold reason is not infallible. "It is one thing to be tempted and another thing to fall"; yet reflect on the kind and quality of her temptations, and who can be hard on her? Who can help feeling profoundly sorry for her? Mr. Warner does not ask what it profits a woman to gain a palace and a four-in-hand and lose her own soul. The question is in the plain story of Margaret's life, and the answer to be found in the heart of the reader.

'Sforza' is Mr. Astor's second venture in Italian historical romance. The good qualities of the first, 'Valentino,' are equally evident in the second, while defects are less conspicuous. Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, at the end of the fifteenth century, is as patiently studied as Cæsar Borgia, and, having several characteristics in common with other human beings, he makes a more appropriate and interesting figure for romance. The most important incident is well chosen, but not well developed. It is a pity that the author did not contrive to hinge the whole interest on the oath taken in youth by Ludovico and Barberigo, afterwards Doge of Venice, never to do mischief to each other. But his weak points are deficiency in constructive power and an almost fatal inability to narrate clearly. Valentino is utterly inconsequent, and Sforza's backbone is spongy. There is no concentrated force, and the good bits lose in effect by isolation. The particulars of the treachery of Bernardino Corti are so involved that deep meditation may hardly make them clearly understandable. As for the long episode about the Milanese and Swiss soldiers in the convent, it is impossible to make head or tail out of it.

Mr. Astor's study would probably show better results in sketches of life and manners in the Italian Republics than it does in novels. He describes external life fluently, makes excellent pictures of streets, forts, palaces, of what people did and ate. In what may be called the millinery of the period he is really great. But the spirit of the age and of the individual eludes him. There are only two scenes in which one feels that the actors are alive and accords at once the sympathy due to real distress. Narvaez, the young fencer, bears himself before the Doge in a manner that stirs admiration for his courage and pity for his threatened doom, and the denial of Duchess Isabelle that she freely promised to marry Bernardino Corti is given with genuine spirit and passion. These two scenes show sparks of creative fire, and the death of Ludovico is told with admirable effect. It would be hard to find in any novel a simpler and more pathetic description, one in which emotion is better expressed by restraint of language, than that on the last page of 'Sforza.'

A laudable desire to rescue an obscure hero from oblivion may excuse the extravagantly romantic tale woven by Mrs. Catherwood about the exploit of seventeen Frenchmen who, led by the Sieur Adam Dollard, or d'Aulac, in 1660, saved the miserable French posts on the St. Lawrence from extermination by the Iroquois. The incident illustrates signally that reckless bravery for which no men were ever more distinguished than those nobles, priests, and peasants of France who planted the fleur-de-lys and the cross side by side in the Canadian wilderness. The real story of the voluntary sacrifice of Dollard and his companions is simple, stern, heroic, in the highest degree. It is told in French, with full detail and deep tenderness, by Father Doller de Casson, writing in Montreal a few years after the event. Mr. Parkman's English version leaves nothing to be desired for life and picturesqueness. A powerful imagination and discreet literary method might surround such a story with a fictitious glory which should enhance the native splendor. Excepting, perhaps, popularization, nothing is gained by Mrs. Catherwood's rendering, and much is lost. The great, real event is hustled out of sight by an hysterical love affair and a melodramatic mystery. Dollard is a theatrical, artificial person. The things that he is represented as doing are preposterously at variance with the things that we know him to have done. An impetuous, passionate man, already sworn to almost certain death, might, under the circumstances imagined, marry the woman he loved, heedless of the great sorrow before her, but he never imperilled her life by taking her over the Lachine Rapids by night in a canoe, or committed the imprudence of permitting her to sit on his knee during the run. The safe shooting of the rapid is much more incredible than the feat of arms at the Long Saut. A romance writer is permitted much latitude in the treatment of historical characters, and not infrequently abuses the privilege, but few fare so badly as Dollard in the hands of an admirer.

After Dollard, the most sadly misrepresented or misconceived person is Father de Casson. The slight anachronism of introducing him in Canada six years before he touched her shores is pardonable. But if Mrs. Catherwood had read with any care his guarded utterances on ecclesiastical matters in his history of Montreal, she would have hesitated to place in his mouth such candid expressions of hostility to the Jesuits of Quebec. Altogether, though the author's intentions are doubtless good, she fails to make the 'Romance of Dollard' half as entertaining or inspiriting a narrative as is the achievement of Dollard in the garb of unadorned truth.

'Alexia' is a mere bit of a story, hardly too long for a magazine, but it is of a very satisfactory quality. What is it that makes one novel a painful patching together of incidents, and which transforms another, with every appearance of artlessness, into a piece of real intellectual work? The critic can never say how either result is accomplished; he must be content if he has a sure feeling for the difference when the book is not very far removed from the border line. His decision will be very likely to be right, if he has fitted himself for his task; but, like a famous English judge, if he attempts to give his reasons he will be very likely to fall into error. This book, in spite of the blasé character of the hero at the beginning—what other hall-mark of distinction can we have in a country where rank does not afford an easy criterion?—and in spite of the exaggeration of the *secunda donna* in her middle scenes, the critic pronounces to be a good book.

It is seldom that one and the same person is enabled to foster the growth of a poetic spirit in his country in two ways—by endowment and by achievement. Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's 'The Catholic Man' is less a novel than an affectionate study of a highly poetic nature when surrounded by circumstances favorable to its free expansion. It is an open secret that the poet described in 'The Catholic Man' is the late Sidney Lanier. The real Sidney Lanier had a hard struggle with life; poverty and ill-health (induced by being taken North as a rebel prisoner in thin Southern clothing) embittered the closing years of his short life, when at last he was beginning to find recognition and friends. The poet and musician of the book, Paul, meets with no obstacle—or only a temporary one, in the reluctance of the woman he marries—to the carrying out of his ideal scheme of a poet's existence. A human character, when shorn of its actual circumstances and invested with different ones, is so much a pure work of the imagination that those who knew Mr. Lanier will find it difficult to say whether this is a faithful working out of his inner being or not. It is in any case an interesting study of a poet and a poet's life, and especially of the joyousness and high courage with which the poetic nature is capable of looking upon its surroundings, and so transforming them into a fit country for it to live and breathe in. The struggle with the father, whose one absorbing passion was that Paul should succeed him in his pastorate, and who finally became capable of taking in Paul's wider horizon, is well worked out. The closing scenes give a picture of a well-ordered life, wrought through with sacrifice to its commu-

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nity. The children lend them a strong touch of reality, and they remind one not a little of an old but not wholly forgotten New England book, 'Margaret.' This novel has not the structural perfection, the fused, organic completeness which Edmund Gurney says is the one sure mark of great creation, but the object which it has in view it accomplishes in a very satisfactory manner.

Fort Ancient: the Great Prehistoric Earthwork of Warren County, Ohio, with an account of its Mounds and Graves. By Warren K. Moorehead. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1890. 8vo, pp. 129.

THERE is but little new in this book, and its merit consists in the numerous photographic views which it contains, and in the fact that it furnishes us with what purports to be an accurate survey of the great earthwork of which it treats. Upon this latter point it would seem as if there were nothing more to be said. The stations—more than four hundred in number—the bearings and distances, are all set down in an orderly fashion; and, so far as we know anything to the contrary, the calculations are correctly given. Assuming this fact, Mr. Moorehead is to be congratulated upon the fidelity with which he has performed his task, and we cheerfully accord him our meed of praise.

But while conceding this much, we must be permitted to say that, like the accounts that have come down to us of the serpent mound in Ohio and the Cahokia mound in Illinois, there is a wide difference between the measurements here given and those of other and, presumably, equally careful explorers. Thus, for instance, we are told by one writer that the walls around this fort are 5 miles in length; another puts them at 4½; while our author says they are only $3\frac{353}{660}$ miles long. So, too, in regard to the contents of the walls. Prof. Thomas of the Bureau of Etymology tells us that 154,000 cubic yards of material were used in their construction. Prof. Locke, who was followed by Squier, says there were 628,800, and this figure our author thinks is about right, though he admits that a few hundred yards more may have been used. In the face of such discrepancies, it is difficult for any one, who has not been "in the field," to know what to believe. Probably the safest course is to accept each new measurement conditionally, since, as a rule, they are all said to have been carefully made, and in some cases with mathematical instruments. For this reason, then, we shall stand by Mr. Moorehead's figures (except as to the cubic contents of the walls, which can, we think, be shown to be largely overestimated), until some other practical explorer comes along and upsets his calculations.

In this connection it may not be out of place to suggest that, however important "work in the field" may be, it does not necessarily include such a knowledge of the early records as will enable us to discuss the origin of these works intelligently. Take, for example, the statement on p. 34, and we are very sure that if our author had given a few hours of the time he passed "in the field" to a study of the early writers, he would not have fallen into the mistake of saying that the Shawnees "were not in Ohio previous to the year 1710," when Perrot, Charlevoix, or Colden could have told him that fifty or a hundred years—the date is uncertain—before this time the Shawnees were driven from the region south of Lake Erie by the Iroquois. Now, we do not wish to be understood as asserting that the Shawnees built this work. Unquestionably, they may have done so during the indefinite period that they lived in Ohio prior to their expulsion; but for that matter so may the Quapaws and Osages, both of whom claimed to have lived there at one time in the dim and distant past, just as did the Mandans and Cherokees. What, however, we do assert is, that if the early records are as trustworthy as they are admitted to be, and if the Iroquois have "writ their annals true," as we believe they have, then the war which they waged against the Shawnees at the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, will furnish all the conditions asked for by our author when he undertakes to account for the origin of this work. We will even go further, and maintain that the stone graves which he found are of the same character as those in which the Shawnees and their congeners, the Kickapoos, buried; and that the implements and ornaments found in them and on the surface, within and about the fort, do not differ from those that these Indians made and used. Nothing that he tells us indicates a different civilization from that which these tribes are known to have attained, or throws any additional light upon the ethnology of the Ohio Valley.

In regard to the skulls of which he speaks, there is not much to be said. He does not give us any measurements, and, of course, we cannot know to which class they belong. We may, however, remark in closing that except, perhaps, in the case of an abnormally small cranium, neither shape, size, nor thickness can be taken as a basis for judging intellectual capacity. Indeed, so little do they tell us that it is impossible to say of any given specimen whether it belonged to a man or a woman; and while, as a matter of fact, skulls do differ in all conceivable ways, yet, considered as an indication of race, it is probable that there are today but few American craniologists who do not accept Prof. Flower's conclusion as to the unsatisfactory character of this kind of evidence. According to that eminent authority:

"The various groups of mankind, owing to their probable unity of origin, the great variability of individuals, and the possibility of all degrees of intermixture of races at remote or recent periods in the history of the species, have so much in common that it is extremely difficult to find distinctive characters capable of strict definition, by which they may be differentiated. . . . The best argument for the unity of the American race—using the word in a broad sense—is the great difficulty of forming any natural divisions founded upon physical characters." There are "skulls from Vancouver's Island, from Peru, and from Patagonia which are almost undistinguishable from one another."

Life and Works of Antoine Louis Barye. By Charles de Kay. Illustrated. New York: The Barye Monument Association. 1889.

THE second paragraph in the first chapter of this book reads as follows:

"Speculations on the existence of beings superior to men had been pushed to great lengths in the century that produced Swedenborg. The time came for an examination, on more solid ground, of the tangible inhabitants of earth, ranged below human beings, but placed so far beneath that few thinkers were prepared to acknowledge any connection whatever. Buffon had made a taste for natural history the fashion, without alarming the men of faith. Linnæus opened vistas into the nature of plants, and in England the elder Darwin seized on the romantic side of vegetable existence and tried to give it poetic expression. Cuvier was sufficiently practical and conservative to escape the hostility of those wedded to the narrower view that looked only toward heaven; but Lamarck first sowed the seed which Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace have fostered into the modern doctrines of evolution. And because he sowed it Lamarck was rejected by his generation and might still be unknown, had not Darwin, with a magnanimity rare among scientific men before his time, distinctly affirmed that it was his neglected work which gave the hint for the view of animal and plant nature known as Darwinism.

"Barye," continues the author, "was therefore born into an atmosphere electric with curiosity as to the mental if not the moral character of animals, and before he became of age to handle clay with mastery the path of the century as regards natural history was set."

Mr. de Kay thus starts out at the very beginning of his book with ideas about Barye and the influence of his works which show us that he is thinking of science and morals more than of pure art. To regard the life work of Barye from such a point of view is fundamentally wrong. Lamarck and Darwin have nothing to do with the art of Barye. It is not a question of Barye helping to break down "the barrier which was supposed to rear itself impassable between human beings and the lower creation," nor of Giordano Bruno and other thinkers who first dared to break down such a barrier. And if Barye's work was not popular because of his choosing animals as subjects, it was not for the reason the author affirms it was when he says, "The underlying cause which furnished steady fuel for the attacks of ill-wishers and of persons honestly ignorant of his meed, was hostility to any movement that looked towards a lessening of the gap between man and beast." As a matter of fact, what has Barye's work done to lessen it? Do the "Jaguar Devouring a Hare" and the "Lion Crushing a Serpent" suggest human passion? Do these animals appear any the less the beasts they are since Barye has made wonderful sculptures of them, or since Darwin has shown us the truth of evolution? Even if they were, would they for that reason be any the more fit for choice as subjects for works of art? And what have the facts gravely stated here, that "members of the grouse family enjoy dancing; ravens and magpies are affected by obscure gropings after the beautiful, shown by collecting brilliant objects, and the bower-bird constructs elaborate huts, connects them by arbors, decorates the huts and arbors with berries, feathers, and shining stones, and uses the building for a sporting ground"—what have such facts as these to do with art?

Mr. de Kay contends that "the men of ancient times and the middle ages failed to obtain from animal life a tithe of the material offered thereby to the fine arts," and that "it is to Barye that we owe enlightenment in this respect." Probably we do, and so we should also if Barye had been only half as good a sculptor as he was. His range is a little wider and his compositions are novel. Animals have not been neglected, however, by eminent artists of other ages. No sculptor of our time has produced such an equestrian statue as the Gattamelata by Donatello at Padua, or the Coleoni by Verrocchio in Venice. The Greek and Roman sculptors and painters represented horses and many other animals. Are there any horses finer than those on the frieze of the Parthenon? Who has not seen the horses of St Mark's? They are Greek. Who has not heard of Myron and his bronze cow? Myron was an early Greek sculptor. The Egyptians pictured animals principally as objects of worship, and the Assyrian artists were more noted for their animals, which they modelled in a naturalistic manner, than for their human figures, which they conventionalized.

Barye was remarkably gifted as an artist, and his temperament suited the branch of art he followed. His work is not intended to instruct in natural history, teaches no lesson, inculcates no moral. Barye made his lions and tigers and

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jaguars simply and solely for one reason: *parceque c'est beau*, is the way the French put it. It is grand, it is fine, it is beautiful; that is sufficient reason for doing it, and that is the only reason why we have ever had, or ever shall have, any great works of art. No really great artist has ever cared a penny for anything else. Barye was not appreciated at first, just as Delacroix and Géricault and Corot and Millet were not. They tried to speak simply and naturally as the Greeks and the great artists of the Renaissance spoke, but they appeared at a time when the world was full of affectation. Their honest voices sounded harsh and their manner seemed uncouth to people who had never heard anything but bombast. We have found out that it was bombast, and that the new men spoke truth; therein lies the secret of our appreciation of Barye.

Throughout the biography, Mr. de Kay seems to be more occupied with what he thinks is the scientific side of Barye's character than with the purely artistic side, and much space is given to the discussion of questions in natural history, and to the recitation of scientific facts and inferences drawn therefrom. The comparative importance and rank of bears, foxes, dogs, and horses in mythology and history are considered at length, and a very large portion of the book is extraneous to the subject, though it is interesting enough in itself. The great figure of Barye, the artist, is too often lost sight of. In those portions of the work where the story of Barye's life is told, details are given with exactness, and the anecdotes of the sculptor and his contemporaries form very pleasant reading. In the comment that accompanies the story, however, almost everything is pushed into shape to prove that Barye's aim was something other than a purely artistic one, and we are led to infer that Mr. de Kay thinks his work is of greatest importance with respect to science and ethics.

Some such opinion leads him not unfrequently to take a distorted and unjust view, as in the case of the medal of "Milo Devoured by a Lion." Here he disagrees with such a clear-headed critic as Gustave Planche, who thinks that in this early work may be found "the germ of his after-greatness as the sculptor of beasts." Our author thinks that "the critic's imagination has carried him away," and finds that

> "on the contrary the medal has in germ what Barye's detractors denied him—the power to express the human figure. . . . The best of the medal is the Milo. Both hands caught in the tree-trunk he has undertaken to split with a vain-glorious trust in his superhuman strength, he turns his head and looks down on the lion with the air of a man accustomed to vanquish the king of beasts, and therefore unable to realize that his own death is near. He is devising means to kill the lion, instead of giving way to despair. We shall find about his human figures in later life the same invincible calm of human superiority."

As we see it, M. Planche was quite right, and there *is* in the lion a suggestion of Barye's after greatness; and as to the Milo, he is like most of the human figures Barye did afterwards—not very good and not very bad. Barye did them fairly well only, as he did his horses; and in the case of both he exaggerated and distorted, with bad results, as he did also in his cats, but with admirable results. An artist may do one thing better than another (it is a question of temperament always), and we should be content to say so and leave theories and fancied intentions aside.

The book contains eighty-six artotypes, woodcuts, and prints. Some of the artotypes are very good, as the "Bear Surprising Owl," No. 31; most of them are unsatisfactory as reproductions, because bronze is colored, and by photographic processes clearness and precision in the forms are lost to some extent. The "Tiger Walking," No. 3, is a notable instance of this; here the strong modelling of the original does not appear, and the general effect of the picture is soft and greasy. The woodcuts are better, but a mistake has been made in not printing them on more suitable paper. Fine Holland paper is used in the book, and the fibre is crushed down to receive the impression from the block. But the rib and the watermark show in the print with disturbing effect. The cut of "General Bonaparte," No. 47, may be cited as one wherein this unsuitability of the paper to the purpose is particularly apparent. Much the best illustrations, as giving the spirit of the original, are the drawings by Mr. Kenyon Cox. A far better idea of the "Jaguar Seizing Alligator," for example, is given in the drawing, No. 44, than of the "Jaguar Devouring a Hare," which it resembles in spirit and technique, reproduced by the woodcut No. 59. The four portraits of Barye are excellent.

The book is very handsomely bound and well printed, but the page would be better if the running title were in larger type. The table of "dates relating to A. L. Barye" at the end of the book will be found of value and interest to amateurs, and the pictures are well chosen and intelligently arranged to fit the text. It is surprising that a book so costly in its make-up should be sold for the low price of ten dollars, and we should think it might well have been dearer. The new work by Roger Ballu, 'L'Œuvre de Barye,' published by Quantin, has fewer illustrations, and costs $20 in Paris and $30 here. There is so much in Mr. de Kay's book that is of interest that every collector ought to have it, and it should be borne in mind, also, that it is published for the benefit of the fund for the monument to Barye that is to be erected in Paris.

The Old Hospital, and Other Papers. By D. B. St. John Roosa, M.D., LL.D. Second revised and enlarged edition of 'A Doctor's Suggestions.' Wm. Wood & Co. 1889.

THE main building of the old New York Hospital, whose ivy-grown walls were a landmark on lower Broadway, was first occupied in 1791, and the demolition of all that belonged to it was the occasion of the title-paper of this collection. Those who have only known New York in the twenty years last past have never seen the old Hospital, for it was razed in 1869, its trees destroyed, and its turf hidden and oppressed by the brick and mortar of trade. The House of Relief, in Chambers Street, is its only representative that remains in that region.

"The Society of the Hospital in the city of New York" was chartered by the King in 1770, and for years its buildings and its work were the centre from which issued, and the standard by which was measured, the advance of practical medicine, and especially of surgery in this city. Notwithstanding its younger rivals, or more properly allies, up town, and the vast wards of Bellevue on the East River, the New York Hospital, now, in modern guise, on Fifteenth Street, still justifies its name. But on the old spot generation after generation of young physicians received their most valuable education, and scores upon scores of thousands of patients found relief. The combined traditions almost sanctified the old halls to those whom good fortune and their own ability had made "house" (*i. e.*, resident) physicians, and in their eyes it was little less than sacrilege to sweep all that away. That a hospital ought to be maintained in the crowded lower town seems evident, but what is done is done.

Dr. Roosa's sympathetic sketch is partly the outcome of sentiment, and partly due to the conviction that it was a mistake in public policy to abandon the old locality, and it is made the occasion of explaining that, important as are their functions in connection with hospitals, physicians are generally excluded from their management. Most persons assume, as a matter of course, that the medical profession is well represented among the governors or trustees, while many believe that the visiting physicians, "the head doctors" of common parlance, control the policy of the institutions for whose patients they prescribe. The rule, to which there are few if any exceptions, is exactly the reverse. The author believes that this exclusion depends upon a presumed unfitness of physicians for administration; and cites, to oppose it, the experience of the war, justly insisting that "the best hospitals we have ever had in this country were those that were exclusively controlled by the medical officers of the United States Army." Probably other reasons, or presumed reasons, for this proscription also operate, but it is certainly rational to believe that if medicine had equal authority with commerce, both hospital construction and hospital management would be improved. This grievance is also presented in other of these papers, and it is one well to be considered by those self-perpetuating bodies whose ultimate object is the public benefit.

All the papers are only such as could be written by a physician, but they are addressed to the secular rather than to the medical world, and are instructive over the broader lines of medical philosophy. We particularly commend two addresses to the students of the Union Theological Seminary on the "Maintenance of Health," and one on "Human Eyes." Dr. Roosa's style is good: he says what he has to say plainly, and nearly all of it is worth saying. The volume is beautifully published.

Sylvie and Bruno. By Lewis Carroll. Macmillan & Co. 1890.

NOBODY but the author of 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking-Glass' could have written 'Sylvie and Bruno,' and yet the marvel is that he did write it, and allow it to go out with his name attached to it. He is, however, a clergyman, and it is quickly seen that 'Sylvie and Bruno' is a tract. In his preface he urges the need of a Child's Bible, a book of pieces selected from the Bible, a collection of passages (both prose and verse) from books other than the Bible, and a Shakspere for girls. He introduces in the same place a little sermon on theatre going, rather raising the question than settling it: "*I* also go to the play," he says, "whenever I get a chance of seeing a really good one"; and, "if Shakspere was not inspired, one may well doubt if any man ever was." In the course of the story he delivers himself forcibly on the sin of hunting, against the Puritan Sunday for children, against the preaching of religion as a commercial speculation, and the immunity of the pulpit to talk "shallow twaddle that, if it were addressed to you over a dinner-table, you would think, 'Does the man take me for a *fool?*'"

These intrusions, if we must regard them as such, may win friends for the author's personality, but they quite defeat any aim on his part to make a continuously amusing book. No human being can read 'Sylvie and Bruno' with smile or grin from beginning to end. It is in his old and proper vein of phantasmago-

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ria, but his love story works in badly with his elfin children, and ends withal, like a bad dream, in the wrong match being consummated. Considered piecemeal, there are humorous conceits equal to anything Lewis Carroll has invented—such, for example, as the "outlandish watch." All the verse is capital—the stanzas, "He thought he saw" (in the metre and spirit of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"), the song of the three badgers, the legend of Peter and Paul and their loan transaction, etc. There is a clever new monster, the "changed crocodile," which could "go round and walk on the top of its tail, and along its back, all the way to its head." Another humor of the book is its seriocomic index. The great American people, hugging its protectionist delusion, is aptly figured in the mob of the opening chapter shouting, "Less bread! more taxes!"

Religion, and Other Essays. By Schopenhauer. Translated by T. B. Saunders. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

No doubt one of the causes of Schopenhauer's pessimism was personal. He could not forgive his contemporaries, and especially his countrymen, for practically ignoring his great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,' during his lifetime, while they went into ecstasies over Fichte and Hegel, his pet enemies (next to priests), whose "charlatanry" and "effrontery" he gibbets on every possible occasion in his later writings. His principal work appeared in 1818, and has even to-day reached only five editions, although Hegel has long since been dethroned and Schopenhauer set up as the philosopher who best represents the *Zeitgeist*. The expensiveness of this diffuse work of 1,376 pages no doubt largely accounts for the fact of its small sale in these seventy years; but it must not be forgotten that its ideas have been scattered broadcast by a hundred essayists and by "Lichtstrahlen" and other selections from his six volumes—published separately. Perhaps the most convenient way of getting at the essence of Schopenhauer, in these busy days when no one has time to read a big book, is from Frauenstädt's 'Schopenhauer-Lexicon,' which contains in alphabetical arrangement Schopenhauer's utterances on every topic that engaged his attention; and there were few topics on which he did not throw new light. This Lexicon contains extracts not only from his collected writings, but also from his MS. remains, which are sometimes equal to the best things in his principal volumes.

A few years ago 'Die Welt als Wille' was translated into English, and there is also a little volume containing the essays on Genius, Love, etc., taken from the same work. But in Germany the "Parerga," which followed that work, are much more popular, because there is in them less abstruse discussion of metaphysical principles and a greater variety of everyday topics. Mr. Saunders has done a useful service in giving a few samples of these later volumes in his present booklet, which, besides a prefatory note, contains "Religion: a Dialogue"; "A Few Words on Pantheism"; "On Books and Reading"; "On Physiognomy"; "Psychological Observations"; and "The Christian System."

One half of Mr. Saunders's volume is taken up with the "Dialogue on Religion." It is held between Demopheles and Philalethes, who is told in the opening sentence that "Every one thinks his religion sacred, and therefore you ought to respect it;" whereupon Philalethes retorts: "I don't see why, because other people are simpletons, I should have any regard for a pack of lies." Philalethes, of course, represents Schopenhauer himself, yet he tries hard to be just to Demopheles, and to put into his mouth all that can be said in defence of religion. His bias, however, is with Philalethes, and is decidedly anti-Christian and especially anti clerical. "You may always observe," he says, "that faith and knowledge are related as the two scales of a balance: when the one goes up the other goes down." Again:

"It is easy to let adulation of the Deity make amends for lack of proper behavior towards man. And so we see that in all times and all countries the great majority of mankind find it much easier to beg their way to heaven by prayers than to deserve to go there by their actions. In every religion it soon comes to be the case that faith, ceremonies, rites, and the like are proclaimed to be more agreeable to the Divine will than moral actions; the former, especially if they are bound up with the emoluments of the clergy, gradually come to be looked upon as a substitute for the latter."

These sentences indicate the keynote of Schopenhauer's essay. He is especially disgusted with the hold of the clergy on the English mind:

"Here is a nation favored before all others by nature; endowed more than all others with discernment, intelligence, power of judgment, strength of character: look at them, abased and made ridiculous beyond all others by the stupid ecclesiastical superstition, which appears among their other abilities like a fixed idea. For this they have to thank the circumstance that their education is in the hands of the clergy, whose endeavor it is to impress all the articles of belief at the earliest age, in a way that amounts to a kind of paralysis of the brain," etc.

Between Schopenhauer and Christianity there is at least one bond of sympathy, namely, terrestrial pessimism. In the case of Judaism, even this bond drops, and he has little respect for that optimistic religion. "When I take up the writings even of the best intellects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (more especially if I have been engaged in Oriental studies), I am sometimes shocked to see how they are paralyzed and hemmed in on all sides by Jewish ideas." The Oriental studies refer, of course, to Buddhism, in praise of which he always grows eloquent. Like most men of genius, Schopenhauer was a great lover of animals, and one of the grounds of his preference for Buddhism lay in the great contrast between Buddhistic kindness and Christian cruelty to animals. "The main reason why we take so much pleasure in looking at animals is that we like to see our own nature in such a simplified form. There is only one mendacious being in the world, and that is man. Every other is true and sincere and makes no attempt to conceal what it is, expressing its feelings just as they are." Had Schopenhauer lived half-a-century later, he would no doubt have been an ardent champion of Darwin. He snorts at those who "are bigoted and stupid enough to offer a zealous opposition to their honest and rational colleagues when they class man under the proper head as an animal, or demonstrate the resemblance between him and the chimpanzee or orang-outang." He differed from Darwin in not believing in the anatomical or biogenetic relationship between man and ape, but in a sort of pantheistic identity of being.

The most valuable essay in this collection is that on Physiognomy, which contains some admirable remarks on the art of deciphering faces, and a most ingenious explanation of the fact that first impressions commonly lead to more correct estimates of character than later ones.

Life of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. By T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott; New York: W. J. Gage & Co. 1889.

LESSING is the fourth German to find a place in Mr. Robertson's series of "Great Writers"; Goethe, Schiller, and Heine having been already disposed of. We have read Mr. Rolleston's little book with pleasure, and can commend it as a good piece of work. As in the other volumes of the series, the story moves rapidly, the aim being to spend little time on matters that are not of living interest or of vital importance for the understanding of the writer under consideration. The thoroughness of the German biographies is judiciously used, though not copied; so that, in a book of two hundred pages, we find nothing to skip, and get a picture of Lessing which is vivid and truthful, and has enough of detail for all ordinary purposes.

As an illustration of Mr. Rolleston's critical manner we may take his comments upon Lessing's lyric poetry. In so small a book it would have been easy to say simply that the great critic was without the lyric gift; but Mr. Rolleston endeavors to analyze the defect. He first observes that there were three important characteristics of the new poetry that arose in the latter half of the eighteenth century—the poetry of which Lessing is usually counted a precursor.

"In the first place," says he, "we note that its ideas are often obscure, and this is the great secret of its power. Men were living in the narrow, well-explored region of logically verifiable truth. The new literature was one of experiment and adventure; it opened out vast horizons on every side; its meanings were often impalpable as perfume; it made men feel without always troubling itself to make them understand."

Here we may note in passing Mr. Rolleston's remark "that nowhere, perhaps, has this characteristic of the modern spirit been better expressed than by Walt Whitman, himself a great representative of the modern spirit, in his poem on the patient spider." Next to this "love of the indefinable" came the wonderful rhythmical beauty of the new poetry. (One queries if the English critic regards Whitman as a great representative of the modern spirit in this particular also.) Finally, the most striking of all the features of the modern renascence of literature is its passion for external nature. After this exposition, Mr. Rolleston continues:

"Now, as regards these three traits of modern poetry, Lessing's poems do not give the least hint of what time was so soon to bring forth. He is never indefinite; one never feels in reading him that he is trying to indicate, to suggest, an idea too vast, too subtle for utterance. Nor has he a note of music in him; his metre is correct and solid, but, in spite of his felicity of expression (always greater, however, in prose than in verse), it is as unlike music as walking is to flying. And as for Nature, in the sense of woods, mountains, seas, and the like, its beauty and significance simply did not exist for him."

All this is good as far as it goes, and it would be finical to find fault with it because it really does not go very far towards explaining that defect of endowment which was a subject of anxious meditation on the part of Lessing himself, and which he once gave account of in the figure of the water which must be pumped up instead of rising and overflowing naturally as in a living spring. It is really strange that, with all our science, we can do so very little towards actually telling what makes a poet. Young Goethe thought it was a heart altogether filled with one feeling, but this obviously will not do. As to Mr. Rolleston's analysis, it hardly tells us, for example, why Lessing was no lyric poet, while Schiller, to a degree, was one.

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Schiller was hardly more susceptible to external nature than was Lessing. He is, indeed, sometimes vague, but this is hardly a source of power. The most ardent lovers of poetical *chiaroscuro* would probably admit that where Schiller is vague he is bad. On the other hand, we find Lessing quite capable of highly impassioned thought. He has a sense, too, as we can see from passages in his plays, for the subtle, fleeting, indeterminate movements of human feeling; and his own range of spiritual experience was probably no less wide and deep than that of Schiller. Where, then, lay the difference? What can any one do except to restate the x in terms of y? Lessing could not make the German language sing. He could make it reason, could make it analyze with wonderful subtlety, or cut like a knife; but he could not put words together into such rhythmic form that the thought expressed or the picture presented, simple enough in itself, perhaps, should, like music, set going in the soul of the reader harmonic chords that tell of things too deep for words.

Is not this the only unintelligibleness which is a real constituent of the best modern poetry, or defensible where we find it? We should say that the first of Mr. Rolleston's "three characteristics" is not so much "a love of the indefinable" as a heightened feeling for the mystery of the world, coupled with a fervid sense of the connection of all things with the inner life of men. Where to this is joined the power of so putting the isolated fact of nature or of spiritual experience that it becomes the suggestion or the symbol of depths beyond, we have the poet. This power Lessing had scarcely a trace of; Schiller possessed it in a much higher degree, Goethe preëminently. Vagueness of the kind here described undoubtedly pertains to a large part of the best modern poetry, and is, of course, obscurity to those whose inward experience does not fit them to understand what the poet means. A very different thing, it seems pertinent to say, is that kind of obscurity which has its seat in intellectual subtlety disporting in tortuous syntax.

Mr. Rolleston's exposition of and comments upon the great works of Lessing are, within the limits imposed, admirable. The book will form for collegians and others an excellent introduction to the study of a man whose life and works are one of the best tonics in the world. Apart from his acuteness as a thinker and the wide range of his intellectual interests, there is, as his biographer says, no manlier character in the whole history of literature.

A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees. By Edwin Asa Dix, M.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890. Pp. 332. 8vo.

It is singular that, considering the many and varied attractions of the Pyrenees, so few Americans visit them. The Alps must, of course, hold the preëminence with all lovers of mountain scenery, yet we are not sure that in the somewhat indefinite quality of picturesqueness they are not excelled by the more southern chain. Certainly Switzerland cannot show finer contrasts than are to be seen in the Pyrenees between the rich, almost tropical, verdure of the foot-hills and the stern barrenness of the higher peaks; while it would be difficult to find in the Alps a spot which could equal in savage grandeur the Amphitheatre of Gavarnie. The Basques, also, are in many respects more interesting than the cosmopolitan Swiss, their individuality and independence having as yet suffered but little from contact with the foreign tourist. An even stronger individuality characterizes the principal watering-places, which barely find room for their hotels and bath-houses in the narrow mountain valleys, Eaux Bonnes, for instance (to which ten thousand visitors come in a summer), occupying an area of "a little over half an acre." The historical associations of this region, moreover, surpass in number, interest, and romance those of Switzerland.

These and other claims of the Pyrenees to the attention of intelligent travellers are very well set forth by Mr. Dix in his entertaining account of his summer's tour among them. His description of Bayonne, Biarritz, the frontier Spanish towns, and Pau, together with his rather grim tales of Count Gaston Phœbus, Henry of Navarre, and their contemporaries, serves as an excellent introduction to the actual "drive," which began at the entrance to the valley of Eaux Bonnes. From these hot springs he went, by the Route Thermale, a magnificent carriage-road a hundred miles long, built by Napoleon III., to Cauterets, Bigorre, and Luchon. Each place had its peculiar charms, either from its romantic situation, its numerous excursions, or the characteristic customs of its inhabitants. Barèges, only, a village of "merely one long, shaky street crouching in along the side of the mountain" and "lamentably near the torrent," was an exception from its persistent gloom. Very interesting also was the tiny "principality" of Goust, a collection of eight hoary, gray-stone hovels, with a population of about seventy persons, "governed by a little council of old men." Mr. Dix was invited into one of the houses, in which, above the stable, was the living room,

"long, dark and low-ceiled. The rafters are discolored with smoke, the board-floor with wear, the walls with strings and festoons of onions and native herbs. Ears of maize and great sides of beef and pork hang drying from above. In the dim rear are two pine bedframes, with spreads of sackcloth and plaid canopies; nearer are sets of shelves lined with trenchers and earthen crockery in formal array, while a wood fire smoulders on the wide hearth in front between the window openings, fortified with a primitive crane and kettle of strange designs and unrecorded antiquity, and with various pots and pans."

Mr. Dix's somewhat affected style, with his too free use of "dictionary" words, is at first a little irritating, but most readers will soon become accustomed to it, and possibly find that it gives an added charm to an attractive book. He shows considerable power in word-painting, while his evident familiarity with the history and literature of the Pyrenees makes him an admirable guide to the region. The illustrations are nearly all good, some of them being of unusual excellence, and the volume itself is a very praiseworthy specimen of an American book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bellamy, Mrs. Blanche W., and Goodwin, Mrs. Maud W. Open Sesame: Poetry and Prose for School-Days. Part I. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Burgess, N. The County Fair. Street & Smith. 25 cents.
Burrows, Anna. Eggs: Facts and Fancies about Them. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Carus, P. Fundamental Problems. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
Cobban, J. M. Master of His Fate. F. F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Curtin, J. Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Davis, E. H. The Third Reading-Book. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Ely, Prof. R. T. The Labor Movement in America. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Hill, J. Thought and Thrift. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $1.25.
Machar, Agnes M., and Marquis, T. G. Stories of New France. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Macmillan, Prof. M. The Promotion of General Happiness: A Utilitarian Essay. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Marshall, Emma. Under Salisbury Spire in the Days of George Herbert. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Mattocks, B. Songs of Help and Inspiration. American News Co.
Montague, C. H. The Countess Muta. Belford Co. 50 cents.
Moore, C. H. Development and Character of Gothic Architecture. Macmillan & Co. $4.50.
Morton, Martha. Helene Buderoff. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Oxenford, J. Boyhood and Youth of Goethe. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Palfrey, J. G. History of New England, from the Revolution of the 17th Century to the Revolution of the 18th. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.00.
Philadelphia and its Environs. Ed. of 1889. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 25 cents.
Pierson, E. de L. A Vagabond's Honor. Belford Co.
Robinson, F. W. A Very Strange Family. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Rutherford, W. G. The Fourth Book of Thucydides. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Schaff, Rev. P. Literature and Poetry. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.
Schenck, Rev. F. S. The Ten Commandments in the 19th Century. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.
Sharp, W. Children of To-Morrow: A Romance. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Smith, Prof. R. M. Emigration and Immigration. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Stapleton, Patience. My Sister's Husband. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Steele, J. W. Fur, Feathers and Fuzz. Belford Co. 50 cents.
Stevens, B. F. Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America. 1773-1783. Vol. III. Nos. 235 to 343. 4 Trafalgar Square, London: B. F. Stevens. $20.
Stuart, Prof. G. H. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
The Century Dictionary. Vol. II. Cono—Fz. The Century Co.
The New Review. Vol. 1. $2.
Tinseau, L. de. Henriette. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Torrey, B. Practical Type-writing. Fowler & Wells Co. $1.
Tunison, J. S. Master Virgil: the Author of the Æneid as He Seemed in the Middle Ages. 2d ed. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $2.
Tyler, T. Shakespeare's Sonnets. Scribner & Welford. $3.
Unitarianism: Its Origin and History. Boston: Am. Unitarian Association.
Walters, J. C. In Tennyson Land. Scribner & Welford. $1.75.
Waring, G. E., jr. Sewerage and Land-Drainage. 2d ed. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Warren, F. M. Primer of French Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Watson, W. Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Webb, S. Socialism in England. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Wharton, Rev. M. B. Famous Women of the New Testament. E. B. Treat. $1.50.
Whiting, C. E. The Public School Music Course. In 6 books. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Whittier, J. G. The Captain's Well. Robert Bonner's Sons.
Wilde, Lady. Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland. Scribner & Welford. $2.25.

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